

Round Trip, 25c
Saturday, July 28th.
To the Beaches.
—Venice
—Ocean Park
—Santa Monica
—Tickets also good for return both Saturday and Sunday.
On Sale—Hamburger's Main Floor, Information Bureau.

Girls!
s and broken lines—a few
—these will all bear lowered
sses, \$16.95
ey were! See what it means
—the chine, taffeta and pongee—
Now Priced \$5.00
duction! \$10.00 to \$15.00
—s—girlish styles in plain
—in a clearway at \$5.00.
0.00 and \$7.50
at \$1.00
f them—and every one worth
—to see and buy! Of serge
—also corduroy. Values
—away price, \$1.00.

es—\$1.15
and \$1.95 Models
i or miss needs so many mid-
—ing a special offer for this
—money. Pretty styles in all
—s—just \$1.15.
—(Second Floor)



Coronado
Have you found an out-
—ing place close enough to
—enable you to spend the
—season week-ends with
—your family?
Recreation and health
—are less than four hours
—away.
You and yours may
—swim, sail, fish or golf
—tennis and dance to your
—heart's content at "The
—Harbor of the Sun."

\$5.00 round trip
to
San Diego
E. W. McGee, General Agent
Six Eleven Hill Street
00841
Santa Fe Station
A5130
Phone service day or night

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Fifteen Billions, Staggering Estimate of Our War Cost for a Year.

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Tremendous Burden to be Levied to Conduct Operations in Europe.

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When German Airmen Raid London.



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BIG FREIGHT TIE-UP
FORESHADOWED IN EAST
Managers Appeal for Protection from Violence by the Switchmen.

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**RATION PLAN
FOR NEUTRALS.**

America First, Allies Second,
is Idea of President.

Scandinavian Food Ships are
Desirous of Sailing.

Export Control to Replace the
British System.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
WASHINGTON, July 27.—A plan for rationing the northern European neutral countries was put before President Wilson today by the export council.

A general policy of supplying America first, the Allies second and the neutrals last, was announced by the President in his proclamation putting the export control into operation, but no specific policy has been adopted. At present no licenses are issued for shipment of goods to the northern neutrals. A large number of Scandinavian ships, loaded with foodstuffs, are awaiting permission to sail.

The American government has no intention of attempting to stop all neutral trade with Germany, but will put an embargo on shipments of American goods into enemy territory.

Gradually the export control will take the place of the British system of letters of assurance.

**FIRST FLOUR CARGO
FROM AUSTRALIA.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
AN ATLANTIC PORT, July 27.—The first cargo of flour from Australia ever to reach this port was brought in today in a Swedish steamer. It consisted of 1500 tons and was consigned to a British agency.

**CANADIAN WHEAT
CROP CONTROLLED.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
WINNIPEG (Man.) July 27.—The board of grain supervisors for Canada has today issued an order prohibiting the export of Canadian wheat to the United States without permission of the board. The order stipulates that it is to govern the remainder of the present crop and until further notice.

**FAVOR DRAFTING
ALIEN CITIZENS.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
WASHINGTON, July 27.—Favorable report on Senator Chamberlain's resolution to empower the government to draft alien citizens, of countries at war against Germany, but living in this country, was agreed today by the Senate Military Committee.

CALE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

COPENHAGEN, July 27.—German newspapers report that the German Ambassador at Constantinople, Dr. Richard von Kühlmann, has been ordered to Berlin to confer with Dr. Michaelis, the imperial Chancellor.

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Governor Indicted.

(Continued from First Page.)

Fuller said that there were four matters to be considered, most important being the action of the Governor in vetoing the appropriations for the University of Texas and alleged misappropriations in the awarding of the West Texas A. and M. College to Abilene.

This was the second attempt made to impeach Gov. Ferguson this year. The first was in March, when a special House Committee went into extensive investigation of mansion expenditures and the affairs of the Temple State Bank, of which the Governor formerly was president.

Each of the bills returned against Secretary of State Bartlett charges misappropriation in that he is alleged to have failed to pay into the State Treasury funds held in his custody until after the time specified by law.

In the case of G. O. Austin, Commissioner of Insurance and Banking, the indictment charges four misappropriations.

The indictments against Charles J. Stone, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, charges the misappropriation of \$64,416.

Immediately after Gov. Ferguson had been served by the Sheriff in his office, he gave bond in each case. The bonds of Austin, Bartlett and Stone were furnished.

Gov. James E. Ferguson late tonight answered the nine charges of misappropriation returned by the Travis county grand jury, by announcing himself as a candidate for Governor of Texas for a third term.

Verdict.**SCOTT IS ACQUITTED
OF EMBEZZLEMENT.**

REMOVED SAN FRANCISCO COLLEGE GIVEN A CEELE.

Trial of Brother, Chief Deputy Internal Revenue Office at San Francisco, to Begin Monday—Attorneys for Defense Contend Political Enemies Responsible.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27.—Joseph J. Scott, former collector of internal revenue for the First California District, was acquitted tonight by a Federal jury today of embezzlement of government funds.

The verdict, which was announced immediately after the jurors returned from dinner, was greeted with cheers by many of Scott's friends who remained with him while the trial lasted three hours and thirty minutes.

Assistant United States Attorney M. A. Thomas, who represented the government, announced that the trial of A. Clyde Scott, a brother of Joseph J. Scott, and former chief deputy collector of internal revenue, would start Monday. A Clyde Scott was indicted on twenty counts, charging embezzlement of approximately \$7500 government funds and \$3300 worth of revenue tax stamps. The money was stolen from the Scotts' collection of internal revenue stamps.

Previously the policies provided for payments in a lump sum only. The general plan will be to make the payments in installments whenever feasible.

His Belief.**PREDICTS BRITISH
MUST CO-OPERATE.**

UNTIL THEY GERMANY WILL
HAVE HARD STRUGGLE.

Lloyd Steamship Line Director
Says Tension in Industry. Trade
Will Endure Difficulties and After
War High Freight Rates Will
Benefit Shipping Interests.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

AMSTERDAM, July 27.—Philip Heineken, director of the North German Lloyd steamship line, says in the annual report of the company, that the British will be compelled to collaborate with the Germans, whether or not they like it, but that until this stage is reached, German industry, trade and shipping will undergo a hard struggle.

Herr Heineken believes that on account of the diminution of the German fleet due to submarine war, high freight rates will prevail for two or three years after the war with consequent benefit to shipping interests. He predicts that for a time Germany will find it necessary to restrict imports to highly important articles, such as grain and other foodstuffs.

Herr Heineken is of the opinion that if the German government will give its assistance in this difficult position, lost during the war will be retained.

The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American line, at the request of the German government, have opened offices in Poland to enable residents of occupied territory to send their families to America. The offices are at Koryn, Warsaw and Mysłowice. Several hundred persons emigrate from Poland each month. The steamship companies, Herr Heineken says, derive no profit from this work which is done only in the interest of patriotism.

The management of twenty camps for war prisoners has been taken over by the North German Lloyd. The Bremerhaven workshops of the company, Herr Heineken adds, are busy turning out war materials for the government.

**BOLT OF LIGHTNING
KILLS GUARDSMEN.**

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RAISE RISK RATES.

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The new rate of 6 1/2 per cent. will apply also to American-bound vessels from the foreign ports mentioned. It is the first increase since the United States entered the war and was made necessary, said the bureau's announcement, because the "5 per cent. rate is not adequate for the risks undertaken through the so-called war zone, as the bureau has sustained a number of heavy losses."

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**Slav Women Capture
GERMANS IN BATTLE.**

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**GERMANS SINK
JAP STEAMERS.**

Two Victims in Atlantic of the
Submarine War.

German Diver is Burned Off
the Coast of France.

Raise in Insurance Rates An-
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Lloyd George's Daughter a Bride.

Capt. and Mrs. Carey Evans.

Mrs. Evans was formerly Miss Oliver Lloyd George, eldest daughter of the English Prime Minister. Capt. Evans has won the Military Cross for bravery in action. They were wed on June 12.

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LABOR.
CLOSE MINES INDEFINITELY
Three Leadville Companies Arrive at Decision.
Interference of Unions Become Intolerable.
No Strike Yet Called, but is Expected.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE)
LEADVILLE (Colo.) July 27.—Three of the leading mining companies in the Leadville district announced their intention of closing down five of the largest mines in this field pending a settlement of the labor dispute. The companies are being withdrawn from the town, and the mines are being closed. The situation is serious. The miners are demanding that the companies should not be allowed to operate until the labor dispute is settled. The companies are refusing to do so. The situation is expected to become more serious.

COLORADO MINERS QUIT CONFERENCE
DENVER, July 27.—The conference between delegates representing the coal miners employed by Colorado and the coal companies, which was held here today, broke up abruptly when the miners refused to accept a proposition submitted by J. E. Hiram, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The miners said a strike appeared imminent.

TO CLOSE COLORADO ZINC PROPERTY
LEADVILLE (Colo.) July 27.—An order was issued today by the U. S. Forest Service to close the Colorado Zinc Company's property in the Leadville district. The order was issued because the company had failed to comply with the requirements of the National Forest Management Act.

L.W.'S DEMAND ON MINE OWNERS
LEADVILLE (Colo.) July 27.—The Leadville Workers' Union today issued a demand on the mine owners for a 10% increase in wages. The union said that the current wages were not sufficient to support the miners and their families.

TURKEY MOBILIZED BEFORE THE WAR
RAN FRANCISCO, July 27.—Turkey mobilized troops in the Balkans before the war. The mobilization was a surprise to the world, as Turkey was generally considered to be neutral at the time.

OAKLAND CANNING WORKERS WALK OUT
OAKLAND, July 27.—The canning workers in Oakland today went on strike. The workers are demanding better wages and working conditions. The strike has caused a shortage of canned goods in the city.

OBITUARY.
WILLIAM BULLOCK, a well-known local businessman, died today. He was 75 years old. He was born in England and came to the United States in 1880. He was a member of the local chamber of commerce and was active in many community organizations.

HUMILIATION.
CONDEMN ACTS OF SUBMARINE.
Norwegian Legislature Says Respect is Lost.
Ships at Will.
Critiques the Latest Teuton Depredations.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE)
OSLO (Norway) July 27.—The Norwegian legislature today condemned the acts of German submarines against Norwegian ships. The legislature said that the acts were a violation of international law and that they had caused a loss of respect for Norway. The legislature also criticized the latest German depredations in the North Atlantic.

NEED CO-OPERATION TO CATCH SPIES.
LONDON, July 27.—The most effective method of combating the German espionage system in the United States is to be found in co-operation between the public generally and the police, according to opinions expressed to the Associated Press by high officials of Scotland Yard.

LAST HORSE CAR GONE IN NEW YORK.
NEW YORK, July 27.—Possibly the last horse car has disappeared from the streets of New York. The car was a relic of the city's early transportation system and had been in service for many years.

RUSSIAN DEBATE LAND QUESTIONS.
LONDON, July 27.—The Russian Minister of Justice, M. Efremov, has publicly declared that he is resolutely opposed to the Socialist Minister of Agriculture's proposal that all land transactions be prohibited immediately.

TACOMA STREET-CAR STRIKE ENDS SOON.
TACOMA (Wash.) July 27.—Announcement was made today that the Tacoma street car strike will end within twenty-four hours. General Manager Beahm said the street car men had submitted a proposition which was acceptable to the company.

Why You Should Never Pare a Corn
If you are troubled with corns or calluses, do not run the risk of blood poisoning by paring them. Statistics show that many deaths have occurred from the seemingly innocent practice of paring corns.

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AID DEPENDENTS OF DEAD MINERS.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE)
SYDNEY (C. E.) July 27.—Every woman and child dependent upon the sixty-nine miners who lost their lives in the Dominion Coal Company colliery explosion at New Waterford on Wednesday will be provided for under the Nova Scotia Workmen's Compensation Act. The injured men also will be kept in funds until their recovery. It is estimated that this will require \$200,000.

AUSTRIAN CRUISERS ATTACK.
British Drifters Battle to Save Anti-Submarine Nets.
(A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE)
OTTAWA (Ont.) July 27.—An attack by the Austrian cruisers on a line of British drifters employed in guarding anti-submarine nets in the Straits of Otranto on May 15 is described in a London dispatch to Reuters' Limited Ottawa Agency as follows: "The drifters in eight divisions of about six boats each were formed along a line running roughly east and west. Each carried a crew of ten men and one small gun. In one case the enemy appears to have succeeded in capturing a drifter. The British drifters were ordered to abandon their vessels. This cruiser approached to within 100 yards of the German line and fired a shot to take to the boats. The British drifters then proceeded to the assistance of the badly damaged Leondia, which had four men killed and three wounded and whose skipper, though three times wounded, remained at his post throughout the action. Meanwhile the remaining cruisers had opened a devastating fire on the center of the line. The crew of the Admirable only abandoned their vessel after her boiler exploded and her wheelhouse had been shot away. The Girl Rose, Cora T. Haven and Selby were abandoned until they foundered. The crews of the Garrigue, Bone Spoir, Christmas Day and British Crown refused to leave their vessels even when outraged and under broadside fire from the enemy and brought them through the action."

GERMANS' ASSAULT COSTS MANY MEN.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
GRAND HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN FRANCE, July 27.—The Germans in a persistent effort to recapture at least some part of the Chambois-Dames transferred their attention yesterday to the region of Hurbise, on which they launched a strong attack, supported by heavy artillery concentration. The infantry assaulted again and again, but notwithstanding the heavy losses thrown into the action, they were unable to secure any advantage other than entrance into a small section of advanced French trenches in the south of Ailles.

Coronado
Have you found an out-of-the-way place close enough to enable you to spend the season week-ends with your family?
Recreation and health are less than four hours away.

Do You Know These Military Facts?
Do you know that the U. S. Army rifle bullet will penetrate greasy clay sixty inches when fired at a distance of 200 yards, or wet sand thirty inches, or oak twenty-six inches, or steel three-tenths inches?
Do you know that the effective range of the army rifle is 3500 to 1800 feet and that heavy artillery is effective at two miles?
Do you know that the average soldier can dig 30 cubic feet of earth the first hour, 15 feet the second and 10 feet per hour continuously?
Do you know that a slope of 26 degrees is the greatest that infantry should attempt to ascend and 6 degrees is the maximum for a cavalry charge?
Do you know that ice 8 inches thick will support heavy guns, while ice 4 1/2 inches will support cavalry?
Do you know when salutes are to be given?
Do you know the rank of various officers of the army and how they correspond to the navy?
Do you know the fundamental drill commands and rudiments of army exercise? These are but a few of the many things carefully explained in Captain James' Manual. The Student at West Point is given identically the same instruction as is given in this valuable manual. It is yours for \$1.00 or 50 cents. Give your soldier boy or friend a copy.

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Big Freight Tie-up.
(Continued from First Page)
rights of other loyal yardmen, according to Mr. Murdoch.
In case the commission sent here by Gov. William D. Stephens fails to get a settlement within a week the strikers agreed to resume their strike. The commission promised to do its best and agreed to report at a meeting next Wednesday. E. B. Merdian, organized the union, presided, and told the workers that Weinstein and Ralph P. Merritt, representing Herbert C. Hoover, head of the Federal food conservation movement, would do their best to make favorable terms for the workers.

SELECTIVE SERVICE MANUAL
The Government faces the stupendous task of raising and training the largest army that the nation has ever had. The men who will constitute this army will in almost every case be men who now know nothing—not even the elements—of military training. This volume has been prepared especially for the benefit of the men who will be called to the colors, but EVERY American citizen should read it.

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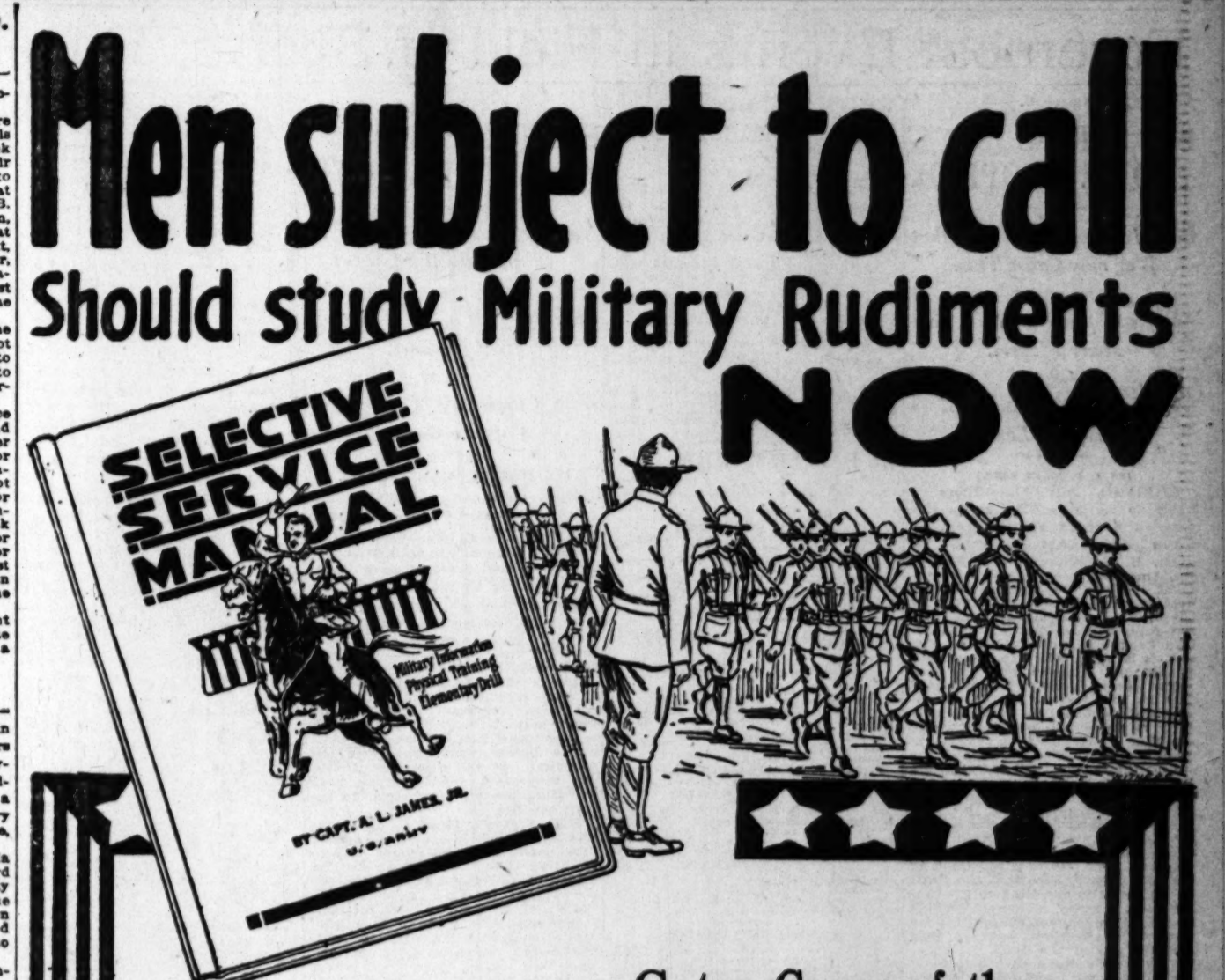
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Compiled from War Department Data
The greater part of this manual is a compilation from official records of the War Department and everything contained in it is absolutely correct. It is not believed that all of the material obtainable in this volume can be found in any other single book. It will fit the pocket of the uniform and will therefore be no incumbrance to the man in training and can be referred to readily.

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kitchen, large front porch,
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bath, etc., corner lot,
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OH SAY CAN
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less you can help him to become more systematic if he is susceptible to suggestions regarding his work, but if he thinks he is perfect, you had better seek another position before you acquire his habits of care-

Never Perfect?
The atmosphere. If you live in a neighborhood recharged with dead-end tasks and dead-end jobs, you are nervous and tense. If you live in an atmosphere of indifference, you are a loner.

IN THE NORTHWEST.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—MILWAUKEE DISPATCH.]

MINNEAPOLIS, July 27.—Flax de-
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call for the good flax. No. 1 seed
quoted at 2 1/2 on Duluth prices
on spot and to arrive. Receipts, 18
cars; last year, 8 cars. Shipments, 7

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To purchase early FORD-STEER PEACHES, also TOMATOES, for canning purposes. Apply to California Sanitary Canning Co., Industrial street, between Alameda and MILL. Phone A6869.

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JULY 28, 1917.—[PART II.]

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39c each

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.....39c
.....17c lb.
.....26c lb.
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c each

.....17c lb.
.....45c lb.
.....25c lb.
.....46c lb.
.....40c doz.
(veries)

hamburger's 55c

Olive Relish
a can

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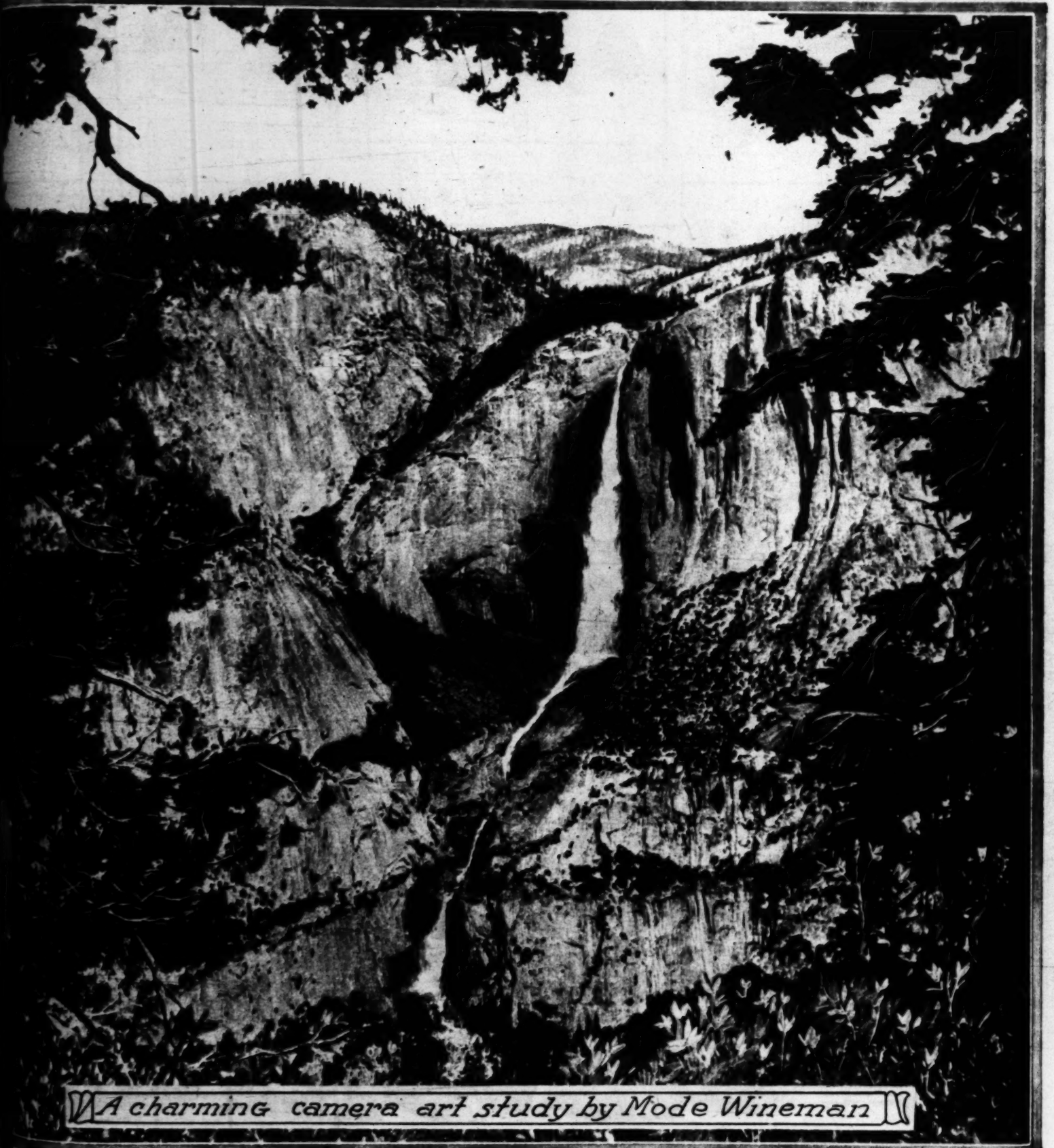


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The Yosemite Falls.



A charming camera art study by Mode Wineman

For the year, \$2.50; 6 months, \$1.50, post-paid and mailed separately. Served free with the Sunday issue. An extra copy sent free with one year's advance-paid subscription to The Times.

Business Directory,
Part V.

CONVENTION TO REVISE THE CONSTITUTION
to permit the meeting of Parliament
at Versailles.

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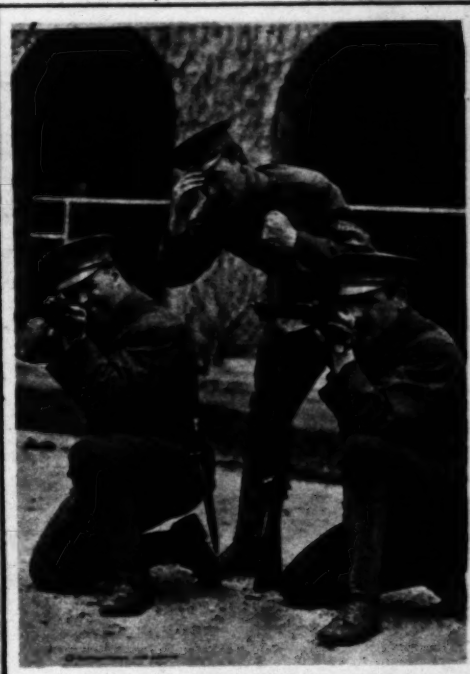
A NEW SERVICE OFFERED BY THE
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service in Paris heard the noise of

THE GERMAN STATEMENT.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
BERLIN July 28.

The Edges of the Great War.



Women foresters at work in England.



Famous football men in uniforms (left to right) Charlie Brickley, Sergt. Billy Lynch and Sam Felton



A war "cyclone cellar"



King George inspects Australian troops



Mending the flags on a warship



German efficiency, collecting cast off clothes to make army uniforms

[July 28, 1917.



Children of the Chilean Plaza - Antofa

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LIFE PENS W
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Detectives Winn and Canto hunted yesterday evening for a new grocery store.

GET THEIR PAY.

training. Every thoughtful parent should investigate this school. Information will be gladly furnished.

Local Representative, Maj. H. A. Blackwell, 105 S. Lake, Pasadena. Phone Fair Oaks 1062.

CAPT. THOS. A. DAVIS, Supt.

Our Los Angeles Office is at 507 South Spring Street MR. C. A. THURSTON, General Agent, in charge.

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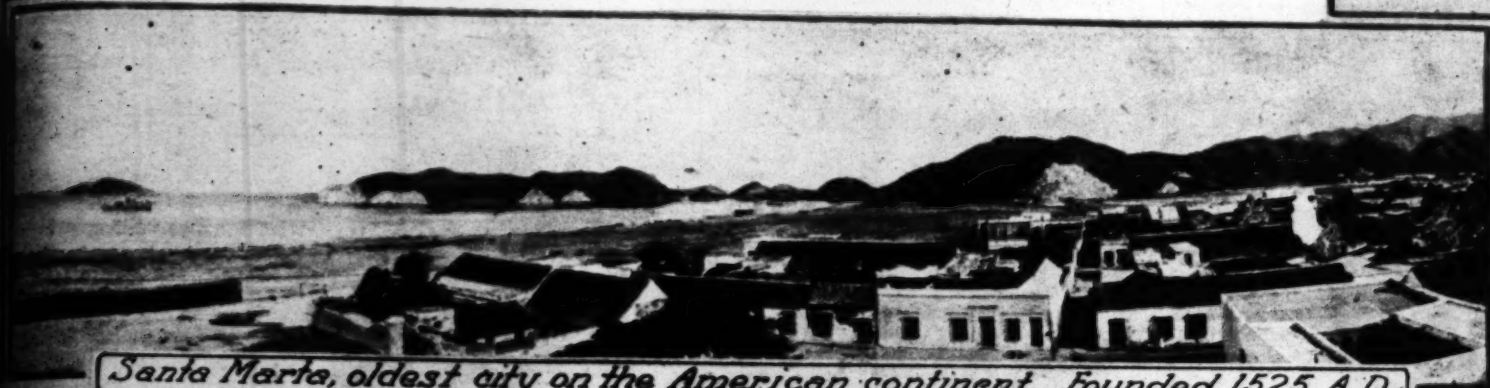
[Saturday,

July 28, 1917.

Pictures of the Day

The Big America South
of the Equatorial Line.

Interesting South America.



Santa Marta, oldest city on the American continent. Founded 1525 A.D.



*Charley Chaplin
in Antofagasta*



*Plaza San Francisco,
La Paz, Bolivia*



*Children of the Chilean "400" on
the Plaza - Antofagasta*



Part of Colombia's navy

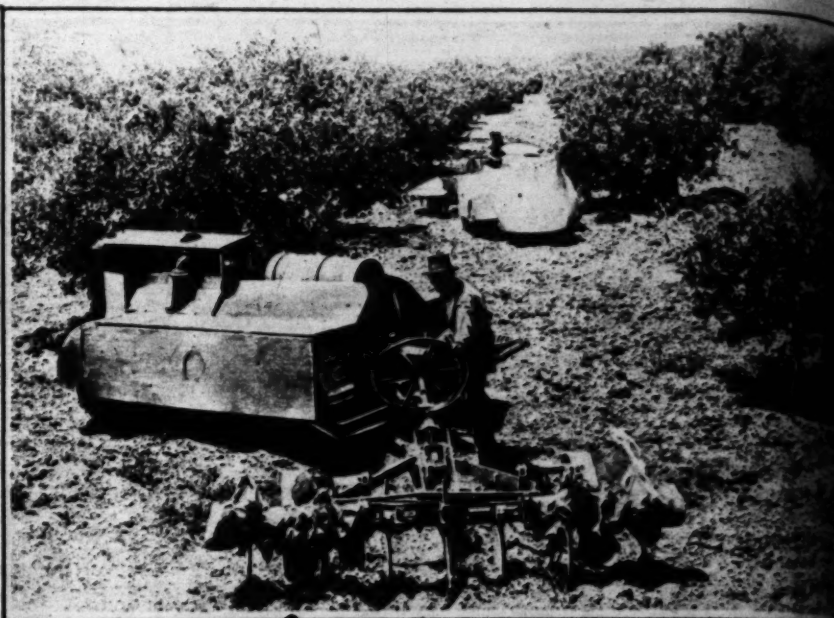


Public washing place in Guatemala

The Model Leffingwell Ranch.



C. Warring Leffingwell



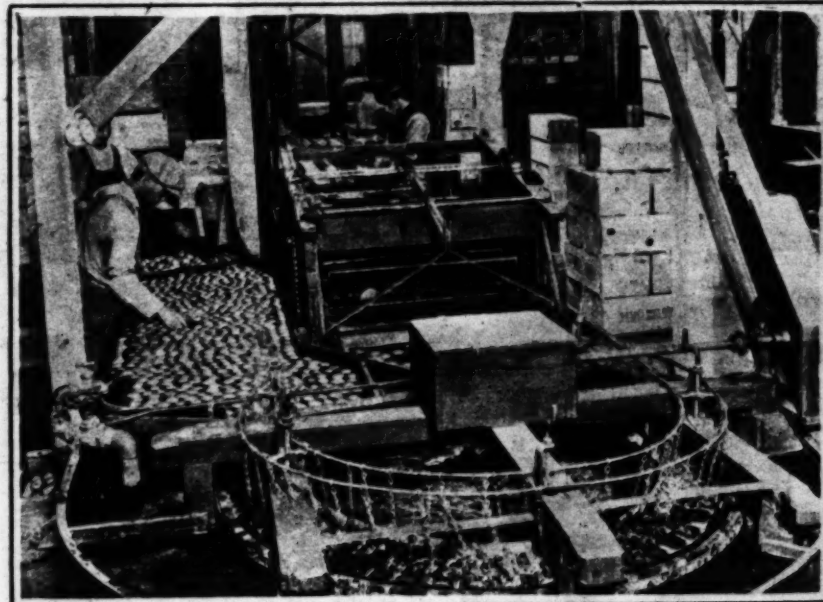
Cultivating by improved methods



Packing



Mrs. C. Warring Leffingwell



Washing Lemons



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Part I (8 Pages) is the Rotogravure Sheet in Sepia. Part II (24 Pages) is in Black : : : :

Vacation Time.



methods

Leffingwell

507 South Spring Street
General Agent, in charge.

Business Directory,
Vol. V.

convention to advise the Commission
to permit the meeting of Parliament
at Versailles.

upon us during the coming year if
our people had not responded to the
call for wise use, economy and elim-

watchers of the French aviation
service in Paris heard the noise of
a motor and then an explosion of

THE GERMAN STATEMENT.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
BERLIN, July 23—German

CALIFORNIA.
And our expanding Pacific Empire, acknowledged seat of a sensuous western civilization and of a coming mightier commerce.

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Magazine
Editorial Page
Saturdays.

Twentieth Year. Volume XII. No. 4.
Average Circulation in 1917—4 Months: Gross, 112,717; net, 111,471 Copies Weekly.

For Scope, Objects and Aims, Contents, prices, and other information for subscribers and new readers, see page 30.

German Goose and British Gander.

WHAT'S sauce for the German goose should be sauce also for the British gander. As the time approaches for a serious consideration of practical peace terms, the American people should keep clearly in view the reasons put forth for our entry into the war.

President Wilson's immortal message to Congress stated explicitly the objects for which America is fighting. Our democracy is lined up not against the German people but against the Prussian monarchy. So-inferentially—America fights for all peoples against the regime of all hereditary rulers. To make this a war to end all wars, it must smash eternally the notion of primogeniture government.

Now George Wettin is a hereditary ruler. England is still a country consecrated to the monarchical form of government. The American government has asserted its right to interfere in the internal affairs of Germany, in so far at least, as to declare that terms of peace to be satisfactory must be made with a democratic Germany. They cannot be held permanent till Germany has thrown over the Prussian Hohenzollern.

This interference in the internal affairs of a foreign nation in this case is amply justified. The safety of the whole civilized world depends on it. But if for the general welfare of humanity and in the interest of all peoples our government has the right to decree democracy for our enemy, Germany, for the same reason we have an equal right to request pure democracy of our ally, England.

Under the provisions of the unwritten British constitution the English monarch still possesses all the rights that were restored to Charles II after the death of Oliver Cromwell. These rights have sunk into "innocuous desuetude," but they have never been abrogated. Queen Victoria was too righteous, Edward VII was too diplomatic and George Wettin is too timorous to attempt to enforce these kingly rights. But they still exist. Nor is it inconceivable that two or three more generations of inbreeding might produce an insane Wettin as dangerous to the peace of the world as the present head of the Hohenzollern family.

No statute of limitations affects the unused powers of the British monarchy. The only rule for democracy to follow is to insist that they be unequivocally abolished. Our stern duty to finish up hereditary rulership once and for all, all over the earth, cannot stop short with the dethroning of one emperor—it must make a clean sweep of the whole shooting match.

Moreover, there is a touch of irony in the situation. Gen. Pershing at the head of democracy's armies goes to Europe to fight democracy's battles—and the first function abroad he is called upon

to perform is to dine with a hereditary monarch.

The plea that the British monarchy is simply a lot of little-Lord-Tom-Noddy, plush-and-patronage, tinsel-and-molasses flub-dubbery is a silly reason for perpetuating it. Since it has no meaning, then, in the name of all the gods at once, toss it into the waste paper basket. The drawing up of final world peace terms will be the most serious, the most gigantic task world diplomacy has ever had to face. It should not be handled by any representative of any George Wettin, through whom the leading power in the Entente alliance still indorses the obsolete rights of the hereditary ruler.

Never again, perhaps, will democracy have such a chance as will come with the end of the war for making a complete clean-up of all forms of monarchy. After the Hohenzollern star has gone into permanent eclipse, let democracy also snuff out the little Wettin rushlight. It is better to be sure than sorry.

Too Good to Them.

RESIDENT WILSON has pardoned sixteen suffragists who had been sent to jail for picketing the White House. Several times the President has interceded in behalf of traitors and fanatics who have shouted "Hypocrite!" when his picture was thrown on a moving picture screen or who have been guilty of speech and action tending to harass the government or to stir up strife and ill feeling among the people. It is extremely doubtful if in any other country in the world the head of the nation would take it upon himself to seek out and protect those who had conspired to bring dishonor to either the government or to those who, rightly or wrongly, hold the reins of government in their hands. This is only one more evidence that the United States is not a democracy in name only but that it is in reality a government of, by and for the people as a whole, a government in which the rights of the minority are not only considered and protected, but in which mercy as well as justice is shown to mistaken individuals who seek to destroy the very foundations upon which rests the liberty of every citizen in the land. However, there is a limit to which mercy may go and still be consistent with the spirit of justice and it is to be hoped that the malcontents who contemplate making trouble for the President and the country at large will pause to consider Mr. Wilson's attitude toward and recent treatment of bitter-minded individuals and that they will hesitate to put a further tax upon the President's leniency.

Spies and Thugs.

SOME of the effort now being expended by the agents of the Federal government in listening for remarks that might be construed as improper could be better occupied on more serious work.

Every nation at war has to be on the lookout for spies, and all proper precautions against spy work should be taken. But there have been times during this war when spy hunting has bordered on the absurd.

Small fry among the government agents have allowed themselves to become excited almost beyond human endurance by chance remarks of inoffensive women school teachers. Federal agents have agitatedly explored commonplace remarks of commonplace people for mystic and mysterious meanings. Petty government officials, inflated by their sudden importance, have attempted to impose upon the citizens of their com-

munities a surveillance and a censorship the like of which was not seen in many of the European nations at war.

The government has plenty to do without trying to be mysterious and melodramatic. There are those who leave no one in doubt as to the extent of their disloyalty; ambitious treason hunters need not twist the banal remarks of scared school teachers.

Let the agents of the government concentrate some of their spare attention on the I.W.W. gentry. It is not necessary to explore the meaning of their words.

These venomous wild beasts are shrieking curses at the tops of their lungs against the United States, yet nothing seems to happen to them except that, when the outraged citizens of Arizona fling them out, they are rescued and fed by executive order with the express additional direction that they are not to be regarded as prisoners.

The whole power of this government should be exerted, if necessary, to stamp out this poison. At present this I.W.W. menace is more of a nuisance than a danger; but the flame can easily be fanned into an acute peril.

The power of this nation has been defied by these unclean things; the challenge should be accepted. The whole I.W.W. should be crushed right now and without further delay.

Out on Bail.

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT JUSTICE BRANDEIS granted a writ of error in the cases of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, anarchists, who were convicted of conspiracy to obstruct the draft law. The grounds alleged in the assignment of errors were that no evidence of conspiracy had been proved and that the entire conscription law is unconstitutional. The anarchists were released on \$25,000 bail each. Does it still remain to be "proved" that Emma Goldman, who for years has been preaching anarchy, incendiarism, treachery and murder, is guilty of conspiring against free government? Is the woman who indirectly inspired a fanatic to kill McKinley and who is responsible for the murder of dozens of the greatest, wisest and best men of the United States and other countries, to be freed on a little technicality and to be allowed to continue her murderous campaign? If a tigress should get loose from a circus and should begin killing and terrorizing the residents of a large city would the citizens consider a way to capture her? And, after having captured the beast would the citizens take her into court and ask the judge what should be done about it? And if the judge should order the ferocious animal to be placed in a cage would the citizens take it kindly if another judge should release the beast on bail or because the big cat smiled at him? The human tigress is worse than the beast, although her influence for evil is not so apparent. The tigress has only brute strength but the human beast has a mind, by the power of which she summons all the powers of darkness to aid her in sowing the germs of hate and envy and disloyalty and discord among the children of men. How long shall such creatures be allowed to abuse the patience of the world? Emma Goldman released on \$25,000 bail! Heaven hide us from this dragon's claws!

Now comes Nikola Tesla, who claims to have demonstrated the possibility of developing the brain cells by means of electricity. He says that the application of a high-

frequency current influences the action of the brain without pain and with positive benefits. He believes that beneficial effects will follow the installation of wires in classrooms. As welcome as come as welcome to school children, as it is a vast deal of hard study to beat the motion-picture to smash. In the past the student was compelled to learn his geography lesson for even then, when recitation came, he couldn't answer questions which his teacher asked him. At present has an easier time. The cities, peoples, products and goods of all the countries of the globe are thrown on the screen before his eyes and it is much to remember them. In the all he will need to do is walk to a battery, get a gun and return to his seat with capital cities in the world indelibly upon the camera mind.

The Warren district in at last safe from the gamblers and cut-throats that tie up the industry of the State and to the Uncle Sam in the process of the war. This war is being by the United States for the interests of these very people are doing most to hinder the actions of the government.

Shots from the Magazine.

The drafted men who get the most benefit out of the war.

A fund is being raised for the occupation of Palestine. Why not give along First and Second chance to subscribe to the

Somebody is now honey-suckle as the national Remember how they used to be up and down the old porches? And how the morning dew was on

Speaking of the boys eye open to the main owners of the Jamestown did not overlook a single appropriation of \$1,000,000 Congress shows that asleep at the switch.

Appendicitis is a mystery physicians know nothing of its cure. Yet when appeared old-fashioned and to boast that they cases entrusted to their out the aid of a knife. Of the fee was not so large.

I Want A Friend.

I want a friend who will say "Hello!" and "How do you do?" I want a friend who will say "Hello!" and "How do you do?" I want a friend who is close to the heart of the matter. Oh, a friend like that is hard to find.

I want a friend who will give me a grip that makes me feel like a champion. I want a friend whose fist is big and strong. I want a friend who labors the whole day long. Who tackles his task with a will. Aye, he is the man to be counted on.

I want a friend, be he rich or poor. If his heart is clean and clear. A man who is loved by children. And romping boys respond to his call. I want him near when the clock strikes God give us such men for our comrades.

I want a friend when I'm old and the finger of Death is pointing at me. I want a friend to sit at my side. A friend to love—a friend who will stand by me. To steady my hand as I cross the bridge. I'll petition God for such a friend.



EARLY beloved friends fellow-citizens, you know Eagle is the bird of the brooding, of the piercing eye and swift flight. He loves to make eyrie on the sharp face of some crag overlooking some domain whose steep sides none dare climb, or on a branch of some pine tree hanging far above some rushing cataract or the banks of some great river. The Eagle is the bird of freedom. Humans have domesticated the birds of living things, but no man has succeeded in domesticating the Eagle. You may build a fence around a lot of old hens and compel them to lay eggs for breakfast, but geese and ducks may swim and produce their young for you. But no one ever yet made an Eagle do his bidding. He is the bird of freedom, and it is why free people like you and Americans have adopted him as their emblem. The air is his domain, and all the earth his possession. The Eagle claims the right to fish in any water for his breakfast, to hunt over any plain or woodland for his dinner, and he makes his claim good. No Eagle interferes with another Eagle, and he does there is war with beat and claw, and no peace until one of the other is finally and definitely conquered. There are no unions among Eagles, labor or otherwise.



THE PRESENT the very safest condition for a young man between the ages of 21 and 30 is to be an alien whose country is at war with the United States. All the other aliens are roped in the draft, which is so entirely reasonable that one would not suppose there could be any argument against it, the German, Austrian, Bulgarian and Turkish subjects residing in this country will be liable to snap up all the lucrative commercial positions and enjoy a most affluent time of it. That will be their happy reward for not fighting either for or against us. To their credit be it noted that a great many of these alien subjects are enlisted on the side of the United States already, appreciating the duty they owe the country in which they live and earn their livelihood. But it would seem that some sort of compulsory provision could be made quite reasonably for the conscientious objector in noncombatant and come under a distinct act for strictly noncombatant purposes. In the stores and supply departments, in the commissariat and the clothing and the transport departments there are thousands of noncombatant jobs upon which the "neutral" enemy alien could be well be occupied, and his position would then be far and away more comfortable and dignified than

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want a friend who will shout "Hello!" and "How do!" want a friend who will smile and friend who is close to the heart friend who knows the soil and a friend like that is staunch want a friend who will grip my hand with a grip that makes me wince, friend whose fist is big and strong, friend who labors the whole day and he is the man to be called a friend want a friend, be he rich or poor, his heart is clean and clear, man who is loved by children all romping boys respond to his and him near when the shadows and give us such men for our safety want a friend when I'm old and the finger of Death is marking want a friend to sit at my side, friend to love—a friend who has steady my hand as I cross the petition God for such a friend. JACK



EARLY beloved friends and fellow-citizens, you know the Eagle is the bird of the broad of the piercing eye and of swift flight. He loves to make on the sharp face of some crag overlooking some dark whose steep sides none can or on a branch of some pine tree hanging far out some rushing cataract or the of some great river. The Eagle is the bird of freedom. Humans have domesticated all of living things, but no man succeeded in domesticating the eagle. You may build a fence and a lot of old hens and com- may have a pond in your field and geese and ducks may swim and produce their young for your But no one ever yet made do his bidding. The bird of freedom, and why free people like you have adopted him as emblem. The air is his domain, and all the earth his position. The Eagle claims the to fish in any water for his to hunt over any plain and for his dinner, and he his claim good. No Eagle shares with another Eagle, or does there is war with beak and claw, and no peace until one or other is finally and definitely killed. There are no unions of Eagles, labor or otherwise,

and I Won't Works are not known in the tribe. It is a case of root hog, or die with every Eagle, and all he asks of the rest of the tribe is to be permitted to exercise his God-given right to fish and hunt where he pleases and to have what he takes and to enjoy his breakfast after his own sweet will.

Your Eagle, beloved, has been thinking these things as he has sat on his eyrie on the granite tower and heard the daily news come in to the editorial-rooms of the great journal and civilization which he has the honor to represent. Your Eagle is the American Eagle, and his heart thrills with patriotism at every thought connected with the great country over which the Star Spangled Banner floats triumphantly. These are days in the republic that try men's souls, and your Eagle has no use for slackers, and his heart burns with indignation at every disloyal utterance he hears and at every act of treason that comes within his knowledge. It is a time when everyone should do all he can for the good of his country; and when the man who opposes his country's interests is unworthy of the name of American and should be deprived of his citizenship.

Your Eagle has had lots of cause for discontent, and his heart is nearly burned out of him as he hears the news of plots and plotters, of traitors. He never thought there were so many traitors in America until the war came on, until conditions arose that try the souls of men and make them take their stand in the ranks where they belong. It is unbelievable and unthinkable that so many American citizens should in such times rise up against the government and betray the cause of their country.

We are told, and it is a fact, that America's greatest immediate duty in the conflict she has entered into is to produce foodstuffs and manufacture ammunition, and to build ships to get the food and the am-

munition where they belong in Europe. Every true American believes this, and is doing his utmost to further the programme.

In the face of this crisis we have thousands of so-called American citizens who are doing everything they can to block the progress of their country in her activities for the successful carrying on of the conflict. While women are doffing their silks and donning khaki uniforms to help in fruit canning and drying yards all over California, these treacherous wretches are doing everything they can to prevent the harvesting of the grain and the fruit and preparing it for market. While boys are leaving school to do this necessary work, these unpatriotic, treacherous Americans are not only putting every obstacle in the way of the workers, but they are deliberately burning down mills where grain and flour are stored, putting bombs under ammunition works, destroying bridges or wrecking trains, wherever they can do their work with impunity. They are destroying waterworks which supply great cities with this vital necessity, and lending aid and comfort to the enemy in every way possible.

Politicians are getting awake to the necessity of curbing these treacherous wretches so unworthy of American citizenship. Things may seem to go well for a while, but it is a long road that has no turning. While labor unions were thoroughly organized they were the only organized forces of workers in the country, and had the politicians' ears. But with 13,000,000 farmers in America, all wishing to harvest their crops, first for their country's sake, then for the sake of their own families, in arms against these I.W.W.'s, politicians will have to take notice of the turn in the road.

There has been too much leniency heretofore in handling these lawless elements of the country. It is all right for any man to work

or refuse to work as he thinks best. But it is contrary to the philosophy of the Eagle tribe to permit anyone to say to another one that he shall not work. At East St. Louis a lot of selfish people have brought disgrace on the whole American nation, made the American name a byword among all the nations on earth. This seems to have been on account of the lack of nerve and conscience in the police force and other civic authorities. It is a disgrace to America that an American citizen, no matter what the color of his skin, irrespective of where he was born, shall not be able to move about in our common country as he pleases, work where he can get work at any terms agreed upon between him and his employer. This is a double disgrace when the person preventing such labor will not do the work himself.

Your Eagle believes in equal rights, in equal opportunities for every American citizen, and rejoices in the opportunity existing in this country for those in want in other lands to come here and enjoy plenty. When these aliens are admitted to citizenship here with opportunities of earning as much in a day as they would in a week where they came from—when these prove unworthy of their citizenship, and instead of helping to make the country more prosperous and their fellow-citizens more comfortable, prevent willing hands from working and destroy the product of others' labor, then your Eagle thinks it is high time for every patriotic American to rise up in his place and say, "This must stop." And the Eagle is sure that this will be the outcome of the controversy.

Yours in confidence of America,



LANCER

PRESENT the very safest condition for a young man between the ages of 21 and to be an alien whose country war with the United States. The other aliens are roped in the draft, which is so entirely able that one would not there could be any argument against it, the German, Austrian and Turkish sub- sisting in this country will to snap up all the lucrative positions and enjoy a affluent time of it. That will be happy reward for not fighting for or against us.

Their credit be it noted that a many of these alien subjects enlisted on the side of the States already, appreciating they owe the country in they live and earn their liv- But it would seem that some of compulsory provision could quite reasonably for the They might be treated like conscientious objector in and come under a distinct for strictly noncombatant in the stores and supply de- in the commissariat clothing and the transport ments there are thousands noncombatant jobs upon which "neutral" enemy alien could well be occupied, and his position would then be far and away comfortable and dignified

than that of the civil population of Belgium. Indeed, their whole standing would be far more satisfactory to themselves and keep them happily clear with their consciences and outside criticism.

It is going to be pretty hard for the able-bodied young American who goes off cheerily to do his duty to know that his job is going to be filled by an alien subject of an enemy country, safe and comfortable, during his absence. He will be much more happy to know that they are at least engaged upon noncombatant duties, equally essential to the army, but not requiring them to shed any blood.

Snap Judgment.

Supposing we had appointed a woman judge and an irate citizen had written her an indignant letter condemning the conduct of another citizen. And supposing that woman judge, without hearing any evidence or personally investigating the case in any way, rushed into print and had given judgment on the case on the basis of that letter—what a howl of ridicule would have gone forth against her. It would have been sufficient evidence of the ineptitude of the sex for the judiciary department—now wouldn't it?

Yet one of our local male judges has done just this thing. He had just received a new appointment. A speech had been made before a local organization which one disgruntled member preferred to regard as treasonable. He wrote to the new judge setting forth his allegations. In the meantime the several hundred good American members of the organization had accepted his resignation and passed a resolution denying any treasonable matter in the speech. But the male judge, without making an investigation, without hearing any evidence, but merely accepting that letter as the whole truth and nothing but the truth, came out in public print with a stern judgment on the speaker—I think he recommended deportation

—nor hesitated to mention him by name.

Such high-handed impetuosity cannot be too highly regretted—in a male judge. When a woman judge does this sort of thing we can shrug our shoulders scornfully—it would merely confirm our suspicions regarding feminine balance and judgment. But when a man judge in high office makes such a break it is to weep. How are we ever going to be able to hold our own against the feminists with this sort of evidence against our sex? There is an agitation to appoint women judges going on in this State now—and every woman lawyer in the city has seized upon this useful little incident for her coming campaign.

The Southern Dame.

There is something about that fatal word "southern" that has a painfully self-conscious effect upon so many dames. We all know the lady whose whole social standing is expressed by it, who never fails to confide in you her geographical extraction with proper impressiveness. It is bad enough when she is comparatively affluent and "in the swim," she so obviously expects it to establish her claims to superiority. But when financial circumstances have let her in for appearing to earn her own living—dear heaven, defend us. I have met no less than three wage-earning southern dames lately and each of them was prepared to pour her life story into my unwilling ears by the hour together. They were never brought up to work, you know; never soiled their hands; hadn't a notion how to wait upon themselves, much less other people. They are such sweet martyrs in their work—it is such a cruel trick of fate that has necessitated their turning to and doing something useful. And, of course, it would go shamefully against the grain to prove at all efficient in their jobs. It would look as if they liked work, or were used to it, or something vulgar like that. A southern stenographer suffers per-

petual agonies, a southern movie actress never gets over it, and as for a southern professional hostess or chaperon or companion—her life is one long wail of martyred resignation.

One southern dame I know takes a peculiar pride in the fact that she cannot be trusted to sew a button on strictly opposite the buttonhole. She would not be mistaken for a seamstress for the world—although that happens to be the way she has chosen to earn her living. It is a fearsome thing to employ a "lady" of self-conscious southern birth to work for you, the less she's worth in salary, the larger her exaction of sympathy. She expects you to be so sorry for her having to work for you.

Of course one can't blame her if she can get away with it. But personally I can stand a suffragette intent upon argument, a prohibitionist stuffed with statistics, a moral uplifter, a golfer, a vegetarian, an anti-vivisectionist or a single-taxer with more equanimity than I can stand a self-conscious, wage-earning southerner. My idea of Hades is a place peopled entirely by self-conscious southerners with a weakness for incessant conversation on the subject of the distinctions they ought to be enjoying by right of birth—people who had never before soiled their hands and who wax mournfully reminiscent on the subject of their multitudinous colored help in the good old days; people whose families should have been leaders of society back in Louisiana or Virginia or Kentucky and who would rather be wrapped in their little shrouds than be suspected of vulgar efficiency or adequately earning their pay.

[Boston Transcript:] Mr. Banks: I cannot advance you another cent on your patrimony.

Lord Bustedd: Then I suppose I must try matrimony.

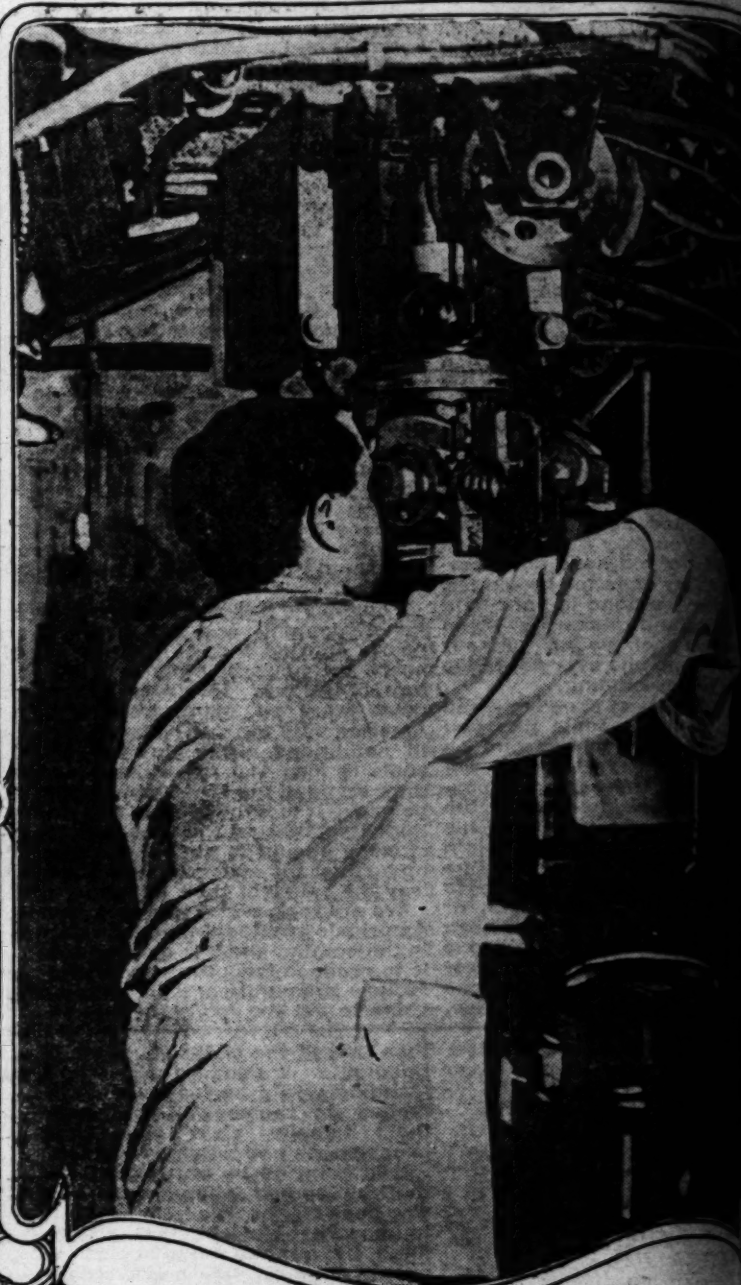
[New York Times:] Hokus: Is Hardup pretty well known in your town?

Pokus: I should say he is. He's so well known he can't even borrow an umbrella.

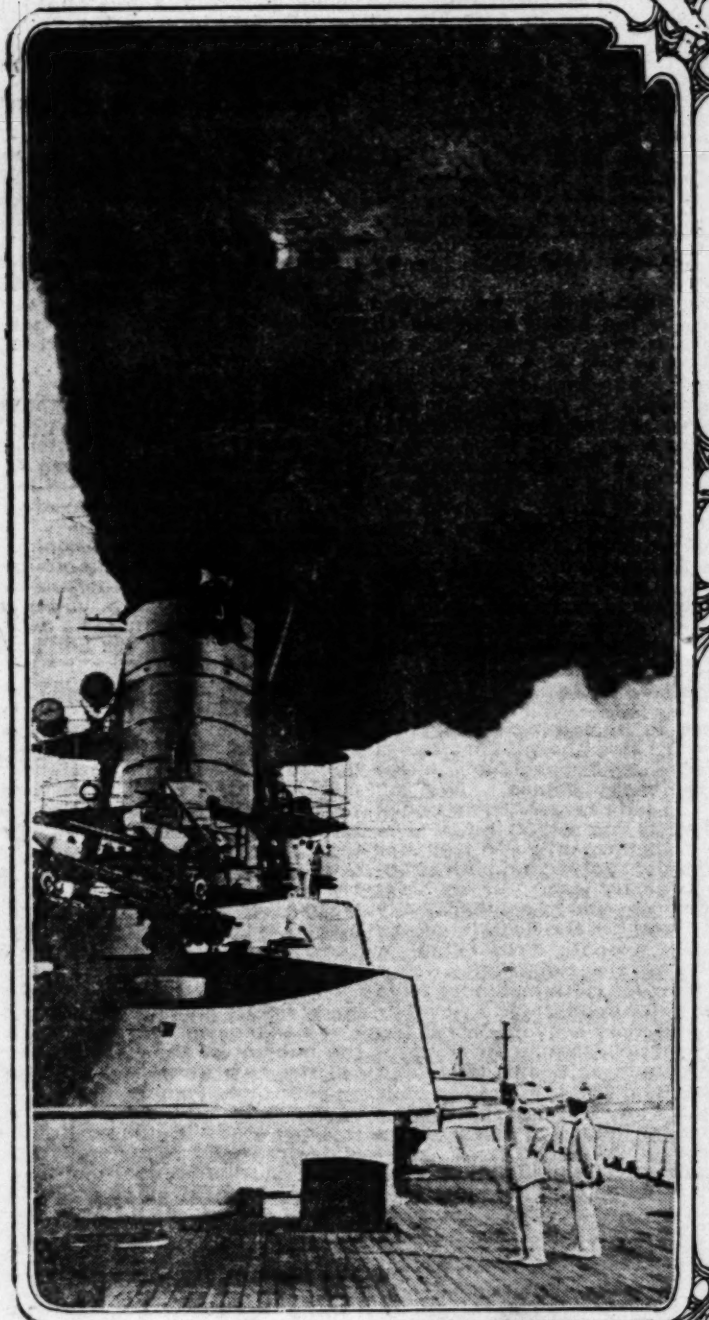
Odd Scenes From the Big Conflict.



The Crown Prince and his staff.



A one armed sailor in an Italian submarine.



An Italian cruiser throwing out a smoke screen.



All set for birdmen.



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INATION.

yesterday evening for a new grocery store.

GET THEIR PAY.

Rejected Naval Militiamen Get

ful parent should investigate this school. Information will be gladly furnished.

CAPT. THOS. A. DAVIS, Supt.
Late Sixth U.S.V. Infantry, Pacific Beach, Cal.

Local representative, Maj.
H. A. Blackwell, 105 S. Lake,
Pasadena. Phone Fair Oaks
1062.

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MR. C. A. THURSTON, General Agent, in charge.

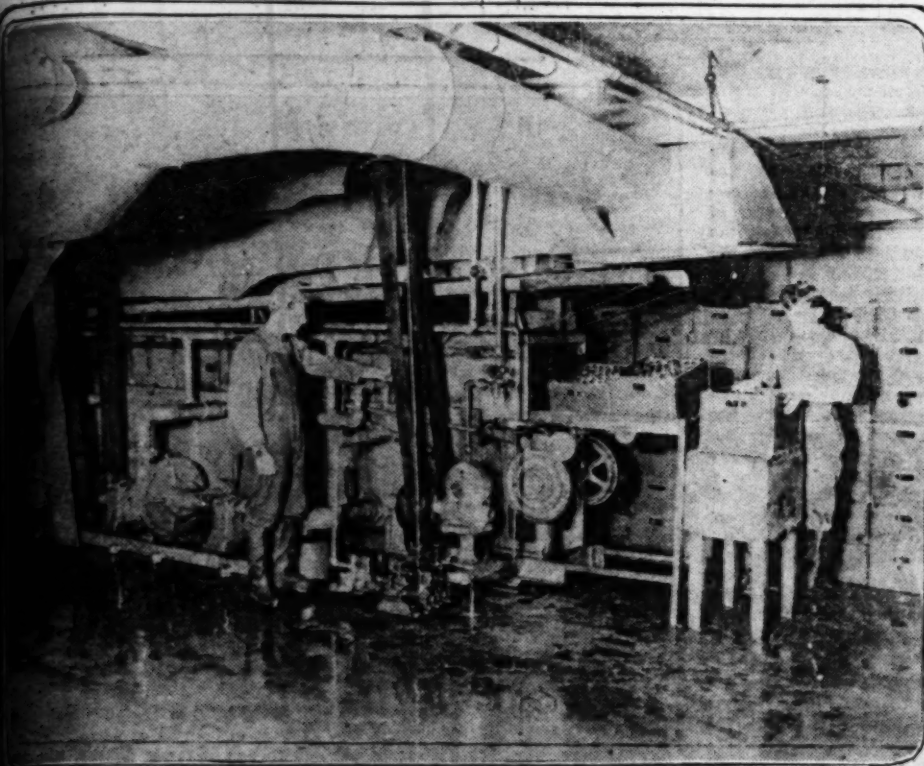
Business Directory.
PART V.
Realty News: Fact and Comment.
Financial: Markets.
PART VI.
Sports and Automobiles.

[Saturday, July 28, 1917.]

Pictures of the Day

How the Milk We Buy
Is First Made Germless.

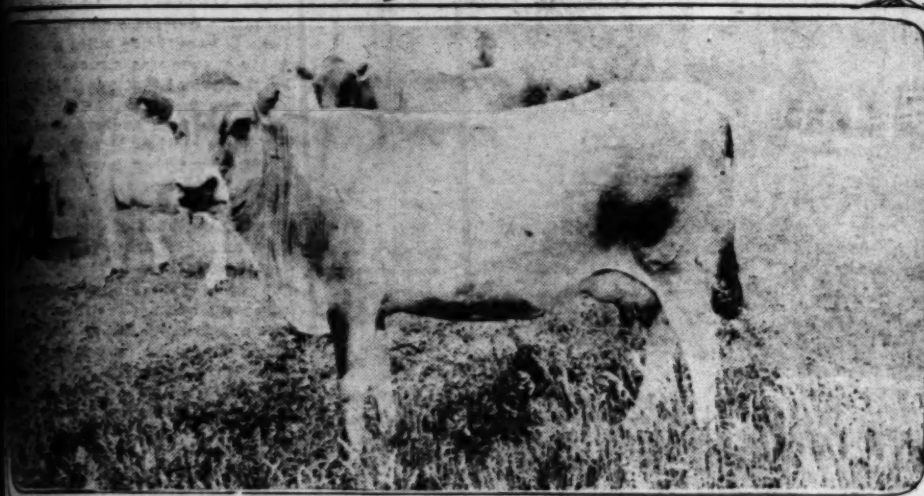
Modern Scientific Dairy Methods.



Clarifier, Pasteurizer and Holder.



Taking samples for testing.



A certified milk producer.



A corner of the testing laboratory.



"Bottle Washer."

OLD SPINDLE TOP'S ACTIVITIES IN 1917.

Will It Come Back? By Frank G. Carpenter.

Another Big Reservoir?

THE OLD MINING CAMP AND ITS GREAT BED OF PETROLEUM—TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF OIL TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN DEPTH—A NECKLACE OF STORAGE TANKS—PIPE LINES AND HOW OIL IS CARRIED—A VISIT TO A TANK FARM—INSIDE A GREAT OIL REFINERY, WHICH MAKES ENOUGH GASOLINE EVERY TWO WEEKS TO TAKE A MOTOR CAR TO THE SUN.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

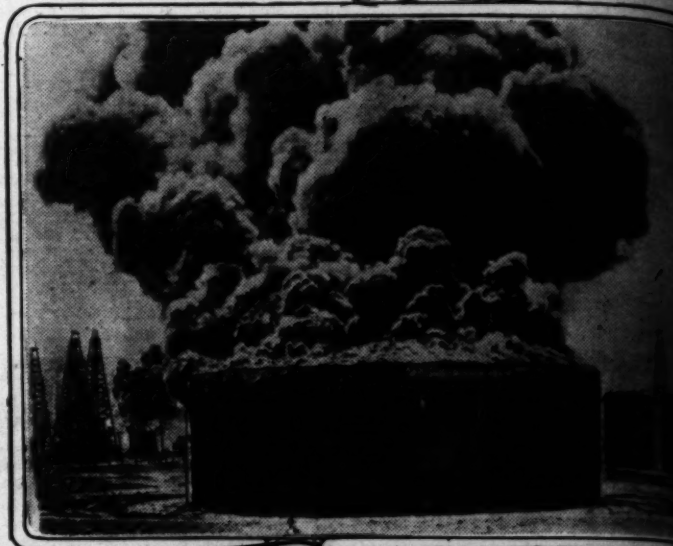
BEAUMONT (Tex.)—From the crest of Spindle Top Hill, the site of the discovery of the first great oil fields of the Southwest, I write of an industry which is of vital importance in our great war with Germany. Petroleum forms the very heart of our national struggle. In fuel oil it runs our great battleships, in lubricants it keeps our mighty industrial plants moving, and in gasoline it sends the motor cars to the line of march with munitions and all sorts of supplies. Gasoline engines carry the airplanes over the camps and the trenches, and show the gunners just where to shoot. All of our munitions, guns and armor plate, as well as our submarines, and every machine that has to do with the war, are dependent in one way or another on the supply of oil that we get from the earth.

Spindle Top is an excellent place to study the oil situation. From right under our feet have been taken 48,000,000 barrels of petroleum, and this site was the beginning of the great Gulf Coast oil region and that of Oklahoma and Kansas, which have for a long time supplied a great share of the oil of the world.

Spindle Top is a low mound, a great inverted saucer, which covers an area of perhaps 200 acres. The mound is only about ten feet in height and all around it the land is a low, flat, marshy prairie. As we stand upon the hill we can see the buildings of Beaumont, five miles away. That was once a small lumber town, but petroleum has made it a city of 35,000. Those great streams of black smoke in the distance come from tank steamers filled with gasoline and fuel oil from its refineries. They are on their way to the battle fields of Europe. As we look about us we can see the tank farms of oil companies, with their

have produced oil in large quantities. The oil came from a reservoir capped with strata a thousand feet thick. The first well that penetrated the reservoir was drilled to a depth less than twice the height of the Washington Monument, and the result was an explosion which threw up rocks and sections of a four-inch pipe to a height of many hundred feet. With them came the petroleum, which continued to spout at the rate of more than 3000 barrels per hour, or at from 75,000 to 100,000 barrels per day. No preparations had been made to store the oil, but an embankment was thrown up around a tract of forty acres. This made a great pit, which held the petroleum until it caught fire and destroyed the derrick and the other machinery connected with the well. The well was saved, having been protected by sand, and it continued to produce for some months thereafter.

This is the story of the discovery of oil at Spindle Top as it was given me the other day by Capt. A. F. Lucas, the well-known geologist and mining engineer, who now lives in Washington, D. C. Capt. Lucas was the originator of the dome theory of the coastal plain; and he might also be called the father of the great oil developments of



Fifty-five thousand barrels of burning oil.

fields in this region which have vast quantities of petroleum are worked at lower depths, with results than those from the first strata. This is so of the Humble field, miles northeast of Houston, and those of Sour Lake and Goose Creek. Lake is twenty-five miles northwest. A big gusher was struck there by the end of that year 300 wells sunk and 9,000,000 barrels of oil. The whole field had produced 600 barrels when it was thought exhausted, but they have since sunk thousand feet or more deeper and second supply. At Goose Creek found great beds of oil-bearing rock, and they are sinking wells a few feet deeper.

I am told that one company has seventy acres not far from Spindle on a contract which provides ground is to be tested to a depth of feet. The tract lies in the strata of the oil strata is supposed to run well sunk within plain view of the "duster." That is, it is all, although the drills were put underground to a depth of more than fourths of a mile.

The Spindle Top of today is asserted. Its only inhabitants are who are managing the small portions and the "squatters" who in possession of the rattletrap buildings sprang up in the days of the boom. There are less than a dozen derricks now standing, and the of the field is not more than a few twenty-four hours.

I went out to Spindle Top with Mr. Marshall, the secretary of the Magnolia Refining Company, now producing petroleum and products under the direction of the States government. The plant shall refer later on, is one of the United States, and Mr. Marshall has been connected with it since the M.C.L. of 1902.

Mr. Marshall came to Beaumont when the oil excitement was at its height. He tells me that the only freight at that time were of mud, and freight from Beaumont to Spindle almost as great as the value of the machinery carried. Hack men and passenger; hall bedrooms and a month, and the country was covered with tents. The hill was a gambling table, figuratively speaking, which fortune hunters from all parts of the earth threw down. The place had all the excitement of a new mining camp. It had its own halls. Betting was done for miles around the land was divided up into oil claims. It was \$5 to tens of thousands of dollars and some of the land on the hill for as much as \$300,000 an acre.



A gusher in action.

salt without finding bottom, and later had gone down into the rocky salt dome of another mound to a depth of 2740 feet, and had there found salt and sulphur and some oil.

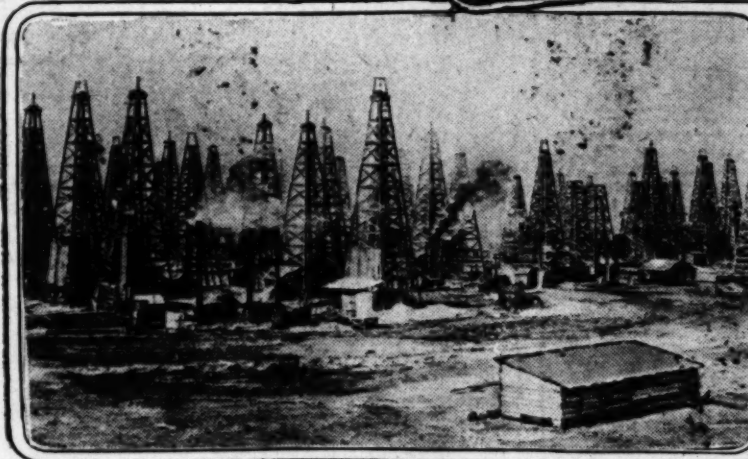
There were indications of oil at the surface of the Spindle Top mound, and before Capt. Lucas drilled there he took a lease on 5000 acres from Carroll & O'Brien, the owners of the property. This included about three-fourths of the hill, and he leased in addition about 27,000 acres of the prairie near by. His first well struck oil at 600 feet, but there was not enough to pay at that depth. He then tried to get capitalists to join with him in the exploration. Several prominent men refused, but he finally interested J. M. Guffey of Pittsburgh, with the understanding that they were to put down three wells. A well was then sunk within a few feet of the first, and the great gusher came forth as I have described.

Big Gushers.

Following the Lucas gusher more wells were put down and other streams of oil spouted into the air. One well produced 8000 barrels in two hours, and another gave a million and a half barrels in ten months. Within three years after the discovery more than 30,000,000 barrels were taken from under this hill, and other millions have been pumped out since then. Altogether more than 1200 wells have been sunk, and it is estimated that enough has come out to cover the whole 200 acres with crude oil to a depth of twenty-five feet.

The field has long since been practically exhausted, but some people here believe that there is another great reservoir of oil lying a thousand feet or more below the first, and capitalists have bought up the property with the idea of getting that oil. I understand that much of the mound now belongs to the Gulf Refining Company, and that they will test the lower strata within the near future.

The belief as to there being more oil lower down is based on the fact that other



On Spindle Top Hill, "The ladder-like towers stand over oil wells."

mighty reservoirs standing out against the blue sky like the domes of some half-buried oriental city. If we had X-ray eyes which could pierce the earth, to the north, south and west we should see mighty pipe lines which are carrying rivers of petroleum from the many oil fields of the Southwest to the great refineries located here and at Port Arthur, which is only a few miles away on the Gulf.

The ladder-like towers, eighty feet high, which surround us stand over oil wells. This field is almost exhausted, but they are still pumping out the dregs of the fluid which once burst forth in such gigantic fountains that it astounded the world.

The History of Spindle Top.

The story of every great oil camp is of live human interest, and there is none more so than Spindle Top, on which we are standing. The field is so small that a soldier could stand in the center, and, with his rifle, shoot far beyond any of the wells that

Louisiana and Texas which have given the country so many million barrels of petroleum. He was looking for oil in this region for some time before he sunk the well on Spindle Top. He had studied the geology of the low hills, then called inlands, which rise here and there out of the flat marshy plains along the northern and eastern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. He had found under these hills beds of sulphur and salt, with indications of oil, and had concluded that they might be the sites of oil pools or reservoirs far down under the ground. He concluded that the domes had been created by subterranean springs which had forced up the salt, sulphur and other deposits in the form of solution, or gases, and that they had fallen back, creating these curious formations. Seven years before he drilled his well at Spindle Top he had tried to deepen a well for Joseph Jefferson, the actor, on Jefferson Island, and had struck salt not far from the surface. He had bored down 2100 feet through that

that a New York broker stood up on the Crosby House at Beaumont to the \$100,000 cash for any acre proved ground of Spindle Top hill. laughed at, and he had the good sense to take his money back home.

Capt. Lucas tells me that one set bought an acre for \$10,000 and bored to the center. They then divided the four quarters, each representing a million-dollar company, and these companies sold that \$4,000,000 worth of stock far and wide over the Union. Lucas was offered \$100,000 of the million-dollar company if he would use his name as its president. He said that their property was as good as surrounding the gusher, but when Lucas looked at it he found it to be worthless and refused.

Today a chain of oil tanks hangs from Spindle Top hill like a necklace of steel. Each tank is of steel. It is a collection of pigeon-blood gems ever together. The tanks belong to the great companies and their contents are valuable. The oil in them does not come from Spindle Top. It has been piped from the other great fields of petroleum which have been discovered since the amount was exhausted. Some of them are from Northern Louisiana, and some from Kansas and Oklahoma, and some from a part of the vast output of the midcontinent oil field.

Now producing several hundred thousand barrels every week. The State of Texas produced 105,000,000 barrels last year. In addition to the tanks here there are tank farms at Port Arthur, on the Mexican coast, and there are great refineries at many forms in which it goes to the market.

Tank Farms.

It seems strange to speak of tank farms, that is what these great collections of storage reservoirs are called. There are many of them down here on the Gulf. They are used to store the crude

The Camel

BY EUGENE

WISE men from the East do not come camel-back in making our picturesque and bewitching country come across the continent in high-backed and richly-upholstered cars under the guidance of uniformed attendants; here they are like to invest in a whole lot of hump-backed camels.

This is always the case when they happen to Broadway mushrooms in the movie but peevish dromedaries is like a Canada onion without a scent. A country where they have the scene of the Sahara in the same townships is to be expected that the camera men will ring in all the four-footed effects and first essential of the drama of the desert.

The cactus country is a venerable and old camel with a pouting lip. With its double-decked monstrously and long-haired wren an up-to-date director can make anything from Uncle Tom's Cabin to a two-toed trial over almost every inch of sand and sage in this section and come to a stretch of the cactus country his eyes are apt to be fed with a caravan of camels pilgriming to the Southern Pacific—with a man heading the parade in a six-wheeled chugger. It is hard for the film man to keep the picture, but he does it, and we have the Garden of Allah, or Lost in the Desert.

Twenty years ago the national Congress made an appropriation for the purchase of Arabian camels to be used in what was then marked down on the maps as the American desert. The idea was that making camel passage people might be made to make the Pacific Coast without perishing in the wild. But the camels were a time coming, and a railway surveyor beat them to it. What was once thought to be a desert is now crossed by a tourist while riding in a buffet car at a mile an hour with a man at his elbow with him with feed drinks.

The joke of it is that now that camels are in excess baggage they are here in

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Judge.

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GET THEIR PAY.

Rejected Naval Militiamen Get

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furnished.

CAPT. THOS. A. DAVIS, Supt.
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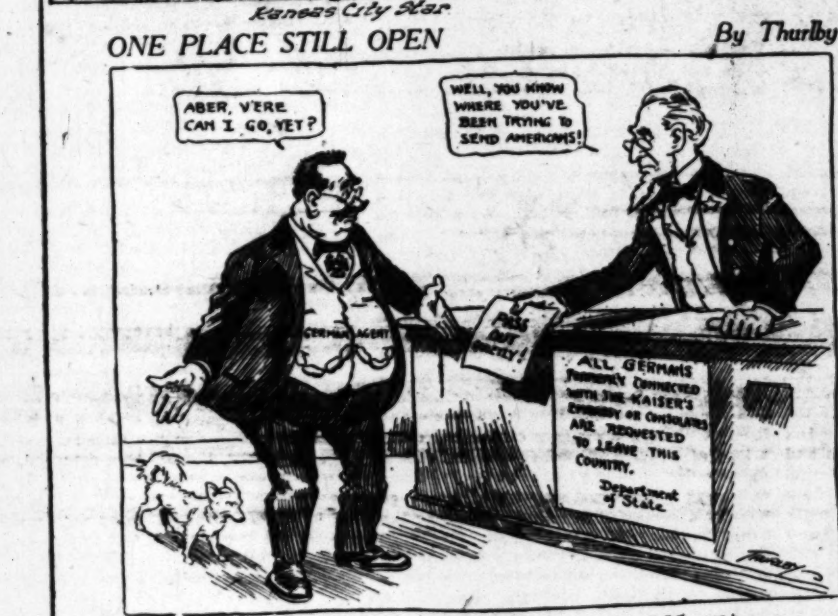
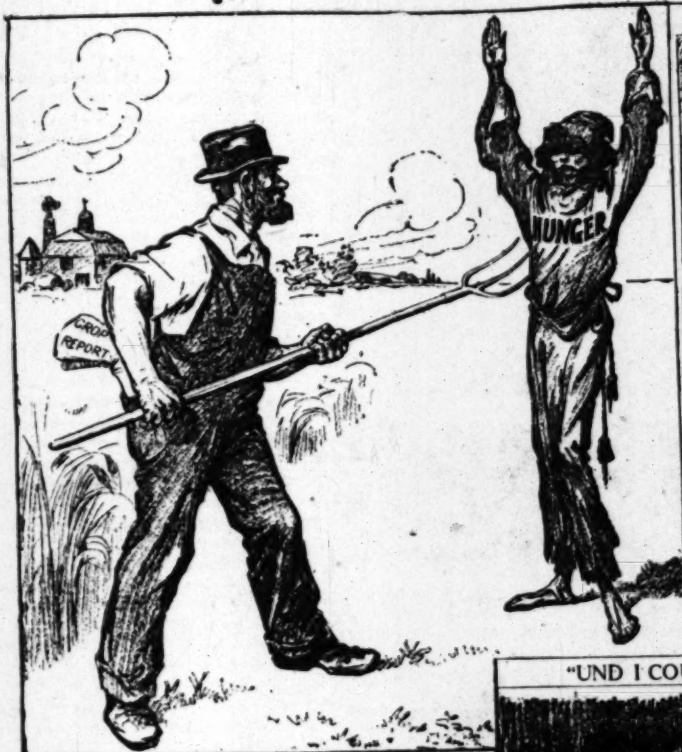
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Financial: Markets.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENT.



of Them Did.
A GOOD a real kid story as y
probably noticed for a while
lated herewith: The 4-year-old
having lunch alone with his
At his proposal they agreed
"father and mother." He was
and she was the mother. After
words of grace he bent forward, i
imitation of his father, and
mother, and have the children
thing cute today?"—Philadelphia

THE lecturer was most emphatic upon
point. "It is to the pioneers of
movements—the men who are always in
front—that the honor of this fair c
of ours belongs," he had said. At
one of the lecture an old woman
rushed him and shook hands, than
for speaking so kindly of her son.
"You have made a mistake. I d
your son, and I cannot have mentio
name tonight," said the lecturer.
"My son is one of those pioneer
movements." "Oh, I see. And w
your son, madam?" "What is he?"
The mother asked in a surprised to
he walks in front of the new stea
with a red flag."—[Topeka So
urnal.

ect Pauline.
FTER her third day's attendance
school, Pauline was retelling at ho
of her classmates' naughtiness.
"That's bad," commented mamma. "Did
teacher have to correct you?"
"No," Pauline assured her. "She had
to all the class but me this aft
That's queer," remarked papa, a bit s
"What did she say?"
"She said," reported Pauline, "Now, ch
we will all wait till Pauline is
"—[Everybody's Magazine.

Wan't Mind.
LOCATION—Non-steam-heated residen
in city on shore of fog-haunted Pacific
side dense fog rolling in from ocean
howling.
—Midsummer evening.
—Little Jackie, 5 years old, being p
by sister several years older. Young
his nightie, shivering.
After Alice (considerately:) Jackie, yo
laseel in bed and I will cover you
with the blankets while you sa
prayers.

He promptly springs into bed, an
shelling quite comfortable, kneeling i
tion, he turns his head slightl
his sister, with a whisper: "Alice, d
think this is fair?"—[J. F. S.

Wan't Complaining.
AD," said the little maid of twelve
summers, "every morning when I an
to school the boys catch hold of me
me."
"Ethel," replied dad, looking over
newspaper, "why don't you run away
them?"
"I sidgeted and cast her eyes down on
sheet."
"One morning," she said hesitatingly,
they—they didn't chase me!"—[Chi
Herald.

Country.
MR. PARDEE (looking up from news
paper:) Here's an account of an Eng
woman who has sent four husbands to
front and lost them all.
"Does the account say the lady
resumed recruiting?"—[Chicago Herald.

ing the Actor.
WELL-KNOWN society performer vol
unteered to entertain a roomful of pa
of the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum,
made up a very successful little mono
show, entirely humorous. The audi
in the main gave symptoms of being
bored, but one highly intelligent
saw the whole thing in proper light
clapping the talented actor on the

[Saturday
1917.]

Pictures of the Day

Grave and Gay Little Tales
From All Over the World.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for The Times Illustrated Magazine.

Then Did.

GOOD a real kid story as you've probably noticed for a while is related herewith: The 4-year-old son having lunch alone with his grandfather. At his proposal they agreed to "father and mother." He was the father and she was the mother. After the father of grace he bent forward, in exultation of his father, and said, "mother, and have the children said 'cute today?'"—Philadelphia Star.

lecturer was most emphatic upon the point. "It is to the pioneers of big business—the men who are always in the front—that the honor of this fair country belongs," he had said. At the close of the lecture an old woman approached him and shook hands, thanking him for speaking so kindly of her son. "I have made a mistake. I don't know your son, and I cannot have mentioned his name tonight," said the lecturer. "Yes, my son is one of those pioneers of big business." "Oh, I see. And what is his name, madam?" "What is he?" the mother asked in a surprised tone. "He walks in front of the new steam locomotive with a red flag."—[Topeka State Journal.]

Pauline.

AFTER her third day's attendance at school, Pauline was retelling at home to her classmates' naughtiness. "He's bad," commented mamma. "Didn't he have to correct you?" "She had to correct me to all the class but me this afternoon," remarked papa, a bit suspicious. "What did she say?" "She said," reported Pauline, "Now, children, will all wait till Pauline is in bed."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

Don't Mind.

NOTION—Non-steam-heated residence on shore of fog-haunted Pacific. Dense fog rolling in from ocean; midsummer evening. Little Jackie, 5 years old, being put to bed by several years older. Young Jackie, shivering. "Alice (considerately:) Jackie, you're in bed and I will cover you with the blankets while you say 'good night.'" "I don't want to go to bed," said Jackie, promptly springs into bed, and quite comfortable, kneeling in bed, he turns his head slightly to the sister, with a whisper: "Alice, do this is fair?"—[J. F. S.]

Don't Complaining.

HE said the little maid of twelve summers, "every morning when I am in school the boys catch hold of me and say, 'Ruhel.'" "Ruhel," replied dad, looking over his shoulder, "why don't you run away from them?" "I don't want to," said Alice, and cast her eyes down on the floor. "Every morning," she said hesitatingly, "they didn't chase me!"—[Chicago Herald.]

Country.

PARDEE (looking up from newspaper): Here's an account of an Englishman who has sent four husbands to the gallows and lost them all. "Does the account say the lady was recruiting?"—[Chicago Herald.]

Knows the Actor.

UNKNOWN society performer volunteered to entertain a roomful of patients of the Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and up a very successful little monodrama, entirely humorous. The audience, however, gave symptoms of being bored, but one highly intelligent man, who was in proper light, clapping the talented actor on the

shoulder, said: "Glad you've come, old fellow. You and I will get along fine. The other dippers here are so dashed dignified. What I say is if a man is mad he needn't put on airs about it!"—[London Opinion.]

The Why of the Whereas.

GOV. COX of Ohio requested Clerk of the House John R. Cassidy to prepare a bill which he wished to call to the attention of the Legislature. In time, Cassidy, who is a former probate judge of Logan county, returned to Cox's offices and showed him his draft of the measure.

Did you ever sit down and try to unravel the verbal yarn balls known as "revised" statutes? It's some job, as anybody but a Philadelphia lawyer will admit. Jimmie scratched his head. "John," he said languidly, "I can read every word of this thing—but what in the world does it all mean, anyway? Why don't you write laws so anybody can understand 'em?" "Well, Governor, I'll tell you," said the ex-probate judge. "Y'see, if laws were written so the lay mind could understand 'em, we lawyers would starve to death. That's why the alarms, excursions, preludes, whereas's and why's are put in."—[Columbus State Journal.]

No Way Out of It.

HE WAS battered, he was bruised; many parts of his anatomy could safely have been labeled "missing," and over all he wore an expression of the most miserable dolefulness. "Been in a railway smash?" asked a sympathizer. "No." "Airplane, perhaps?" "No, dash you!" "Beg pardon, but, really, how did you get hurt?" "I fell out of a window." "How?" "Well, I was cleaning the window when my wife said: 'Do be careful, Henry.' And I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman, so down I went."—[London Ideas.]

Nothing to Run Into.

"WHEN I was in the railroad business," said Chauncey M. Depew once, "the president of a small line waited on me to request an exchange of courtesies. I interrogated him, and he said proudly: 'On our line, sir, not only has a collision never occurred, but on our line a collision would be impossible.' 'Impossible?' said I. 'Oh, come; I know that the latest automatic safety devices are excellent things. But impossible is a large word.' 'It's literally true with us, sir,' he replied. 'How can it be?' said I. 'Why,' said he, 'we own only one train.'"—[Railway Employees' Magazine.]

A Brutal Attack.

AN ACTOR visited a beauty doctor to see if he could have something done for his nose. The beauty doctor studied the organ, and suggested a complicated straightening and remodeling process—cost, twenty guineas. "I may go you," said the actor thoughtfully. He stroked his nose before the mirror, regarding it from all sides. "Yes, I think I'll go you. But, look here, do you promise to give my nose—er—ideal beauty?" The surgeon gave a loud, brutal laugh. "As to ideal beauty, I can't say," he replied, "but, by gosh! I couldn't help improving it a lot if I hit it with a hammer."—[London Opinion.]

Another Viewpoint.

MRS. PEASELEY'S young hopeful had carried off the primary prize, and the other mothers were crowding around to congratulate her with the best grace they could summon. "But don't let it make him conceited, dear," admonished one experienced parent. "Oh, no, indeed," fluttered Mrs. Peaseley. "I always tell him it's not because he's so

bright that he wins, but because the other children are so dull."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

Mum's the Word.

DOCTOR: Something wrong with the baby? Mother: Yes, doctor, he got hold of an old dictionary some way and chewed up two pages out of it. "Did you give him an emetic?" "Yes, doctor, but I can't get a word out of him."—[Yonkers Statesman.]

Sure Thing.

A PROFESSOR at a western engineering college says that but for the occasional innovations in the applications of learning, such as the following, for instance, he would find it difficult to judge of his usefulness. "What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?" was the question asked upon an examination paper. One youthful aspirant answered, "I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string."—[Illustrated World.]

Water Accused.

A SHORT time ago in a certain town a lecture was being given on the evils of drink. The hall was packed with ardent supporters, but a few malcontents had managed to slip in at the back. "Yes," thundered the lecturer, "alcohol has ruined our country, and has slain its thousands; but when has bright, clear water caused the death of anyone, I ask you? When?" Then, as he sat down, from the back of the audience a gruff voice answered: "When he couldn't swim, gov'nor! Am I right?"—[Exchange.]

A Logical Question.

SANDY McLEOD and his donkey were well known in the country that gave them birth, and the two were on very friendly terms. Sandy would not have exchanged his "cuddy" for the best thoroughbred in the land. One day, when he went out for a ride, he resolved to make his donkey jump a stream. He applied the whip, and the animal galloped to the edge of the bank and then stopped so suddenly that Sandy sailed through the air to the other side of the water. When the Scotsman had sufficiently recovered from the shock he rose and looked the donkey in the face. "Verra weel pitched," he said, "but hoo are ye gaun tae get ower yersel?"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

Not His Fault.

"THESE photographs you made of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory and I refuse to accept them. Why, my husband looks like an ape!" "Well, madam, that's no fault of mine. You should have thought of that before you had him taken."—[Puck.]

Her Father's Profession.

LONDON children certainly get some quaint views of life. An instance of this recently occurred in an East End Sunday-school, where the teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom. "When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon what did he say?" she asked presently. One small girl who had evidently had experience in such matters promptly replied: "Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"—[New York Globe.]

Putting His Foot Down.

MRS. WILL IRWIN said, at a Washington Square tea: "The more immodest fashions would disappear if men would resolutely oppose them. 'I know a woman whose dressmaker sent home the other day a skirt that was, really, too short altogether. The woman put it on. It was becoming enough, dear knows, but it made her feel ashamed. She entered the

library, and her husband looked up from his work with a dark frown.

"I wonder," she said, with an embarrassed laugh, "if these ultrashort skirts will ever get out?"

"They'll never go out with me," he answered in decided tones."—[Washington Star.]

A Transparent Mystery.

"T'S a mystery who started this war," said a government official. "Yes, it's just about as dark and impenetrable a mystery as that of the purloined pork. 'Two colored men bought a piece of pork in partnership, and Wash took charge of it. The next evening he led Cal aside at the poker club and said: 'Strange thing does happen to mah house las' night. Hit shorely am a mystery to me.' 'Whah dat, Washin'ton?' 'Dis mawnin', Cal, Ah goes down fo' ter git a piece o' hog fo' breakfus', an' Ah puts mah hand in de brine, an' dere hain't no hog dere. All gone. So Ah turns up de bar'l, an', Cal, sho's preachin', de rats had et a hole froo de bottom o' de bar'l an' dragged out all de meat!' 'Cal, at this news, was frozen with astonishment for a moment; then he said: 'How come de brine didn't run outen de hole?' 'Why, yo' see, Cal,' said Wash, scratching his head, 'dat's de mystery.'"—[Washington Star.]

Times have Changed.

LITTLE Mildred came home from a day's visit in the home of little Harriet. "She was awfully rude to me, mama," said Mildred. "She talked cross to me and she wouldn't let me play with her dolls, and she told me her father was richer than mine and everything." "Why didn't you come home?" asked the mother. "That's what I should have done if a playmate had treated me that way when I was a little girl." "Maybe that's what you would have done, mama," Mildred replied. "But times have changed since you were a little girl. When Harriet acted mean, I just slapped her face and stayed."—[Newark News.]

Beauty Skin Deep.

A YOUNG planter in Mississippi had an old servant called Uncle Mose, whose devotion had never waned. The young man became engaged to a beauty of the neighborhood who was credited with the possession of a violent temper. Noticing that Uncle Mose never mentioned his approaching marriage, the planter said one day: "Mose, you know I am going to marry Miss Currier?" "Yassuh, I knows it." "I haven't heard you say anything about it," persisted the planter. "No, suh," said Mose. "Tain't fo' me to say nothin' about it; I's got nuthin' to say." "But you must have some opinion about so important a step on my part." "Well, suh," said the old negro with some hesitation, "yo' knows one thing—the most pizzenest snakes has got the most prettiest skins."—[Irish World.]

Hard to Find.

"MOTHER," said little Evelyn, "may I go out to play with the other children now?" "You may play with the little girls, sweetheart, but not with the boys; the little boys are too rough." "But, mother," rejoined the little miss, "if I find a nice, smooth little boy, can I play with him?"—[New York Globe.]

Thick.

A TEACHER asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt: "The people of London are noted for their stupidity." The young author was asked how he got that idea. "Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the text-books the population of London is very dense."—[New York Globe.]

STINKER—THE STORY OF A DELINQUENT

Boy Unadorned. By Mary Julian Irwin.

FOREWORD.

Teaching is the universally acknowledged ladylike profession for women. Today, however, there are so many schools with the social service ideal that the reading, writing and arithmetic of our fathers is almost obliterated. Because I taught in such a school, where "all sorts and conditions of boy" tumbled in to be educated, I am writing this story.

And because my boys are so human I want you to know them. Some have been arrested twenty times. Some have done time in reformatories. Some have legal fathers and are sorry. Anyway they all have lived. They are real. None of your milk and water human beings are they, but the kind that know laughter and joy, immorality and sin, poverty and sickness, and still come up smiling.

Here's to them. They gave me three of the happiest years of my life, and taught me, their own teacher, far more than I ever gave them.

When I was told that I must leave the State Reform School where I had been so happy, at first, I was heart broken. The Board of Education decided to open a school, reformatory in character, but one which would allow the boys to go to their own homes at night. The bars of a reform school brand a boy, and he cannot get work after he has "done time."

All the boys in the new school were to be Juvenile Court wards. Boys in whom the juvenile judge thought he saw some latent spark of goodness, some chance for regeneration.

One happy year I had spent at the "House of Ref," as the boys called it. So parting from the seventeen-year-olds there brought letters and presents pitiful. James, a callow youth of sixteen, who had boasted in my presence, "I never seen the lock I couldn't pick" wrote:

"Just when I begin to love you like a mother and git 'E' marks then you leave me. When first I come down, I was mean, but you taught me to see my faults. I am very sorrow."

James was doing time for stealing a cow. He read a Want Ad in the evening paper, from an old lady who wanted to buy a cow. He remembered on the corner lot was a "swell cow." He led her to the advertiser and got \$18 for his trouble. Later he got two years from the juvenile judge.

And from Joe I received a croquet mallet to be used to maintain discipline in the new school. He had painted it green on one side and red on the other. On the green side in large white letters he painted, "Ireland Forever," and on the red, "In God We Trust."

Joe, an Italian, was famous for his version of the Lord's Prayer, which he gave as follows: "Our Father, who works in Heaven, we holler Thy name."

Stinker is one of the boys of the new school.

His name was Oliver. You could never accuse him of bathing. He hated water as much as he loved everything naughty. He had committed every crime on the juvenile calendar. He was 11 when he came to me. His hair stood up stiff with dirt all over his head. On his left hand five dirty fingers pointed the wrong way, for Oliver had broken them making his "getaway" from the House of Detention, some months previous. He usually wore corduroy trousers, because they did not require much washing. His shoes were, as he tersely expressed it, "On de bum." There had been efforts, and many of them, made by teacher, Mrs. Dickey, the kind and generous angel whose husband ran the school next door, Oliver's probation officer, the Provident Association, and the Third Baptist Church women, to keep him in shoes. To my knowledge, Oliver received as many pairs of shoes as there were months in the year while he was with me.

Never shall I forget his first day at school. He had appeared very reluctantly. Immediately he told me, "He just hated school, always had, liked the big bridge better—spent Sunday fighting colored boys on Market street. He wasn't afraid of any truant officer. Aw, he wouldn't have come to school today, only he didn't have a dime to go to the Grand Opera House with," and wound up his life history with the awful threat, "Bet yer a nickel I won't come

to school this afternoon, and I bet yer a nickel yer can't find me, neither, 'cause I'll be up to my house in the bridge, and the truant officers can't climb up there, neither."

Hugh, the first and oldest pupil in the special school for boys, and the leader of the gang, plucked my sleeve as I stepped to the map to hear him bound the imperial State of his birth—"Say, Mrs. Mary, that new guy is a crook for sure. Ain't he dirty? And say, the guys on Market street, Jumbo and Earl Matthews, they say he's got a little house fixed up in the piers of the big bridge. He's got a bed, and a stove and a table, and cards and chewin' tobacco and 'The Life of Jesse James.' Gee, it's swell! Only you want to look out for him, teacher, he swipes 'jits' from his mother, and caddies off'n every kid on Market street, and the cops run him every night, honest to Gawd."

"Hugh, you must not be so interested in the faults of others," I whispered. "Keep out of trouble yourself first." This, delivered with a withering glance, because Sir Hugh de Cal, as his mates called him, was run by the police pretty often himself. Hugh had one ambition in life—to be the "Worri's Champeen Prize Fighter," and his loyalty to teacher often appeared to serve as an excuse to practice his future calling on the younger boys. But you could appeal to Hugh always, so I said, "Help

the stuffs' out o' youse all," the nineteen others had hitherto obeyed. Our school was queer—there were no desks. It was part of my job to make the life as unlike that of the ordinary school room as I could. I had obeyed. The windows were filled with window boxes. We had a canary bird. Pictures hung on the walls. Books were on the shelves, and the piano always stood open. It was an old piano, and the pedals sometimes stuck, so that Eugene and Hugh would have to spend much time repairing them. But the keys worked, anyway. There were no individual desks for the boys. They were allowed the freedom of the room, and they worked at long tables covered with green baize. A manual training room was open to the left, and a room with supplies to the right.

That afternoon some of the boys were working on baskets and others were studying. It was nearly time for dismissal, and suddenly I remembered it was the day for reports. Almost every one of the boys had to report to the probation office of the Juvenile Court, so I told Hugh to take charge of the supplies while I made out the court reports. Now as I sat down at my desk, I noticed that my pocketbook was lying out in full view on top of some books. I usually kept it hidden away inside, and I could not remember ever having used it that day. I seized it and saw that 30 cents, which was all I had to get home on, was



"SOMETIMES HE ATE THREE TICKETS AT ONE MEAL."

me to make Oliver happy here. He must not ruin our fine attendance record. I want him to love school, and he must come every day, or he will regret it." For Oliver was a truant. There was no doubt about that. His record, sent from his old school, proved it. "Belonged 130 days—attended 89," and there are 200 school days in our year.

I really pitied myself when I surveyed Oliver's dirt. How could I cure him of his truancy and teach him to wash at the same time? For my Board of Education had neglected to give me the most necessary thing on earth for the curing of truancy—a bathtub! "Clean them first, and then teach them." That was what I thought as Oliver drew near me. All through the day, with its thirty minutes of singing by twenty joyous voices, its business, arithmetic, its short geography and history, and the long noon of games and fun, Oliver sat motionless, dreaming of the bridge and freedom, save for an occasional glance at the window, high from the ground.

During basketry and clay modelling, I thought he brightened perceptibly, as I directed his queer, twisted fingers. But perhaps I was mistaken after all.

There was a queer code of morals among my naughties. One rule was that the biddy's desk was sacred. "Youse guys keep your mitts off'n what ain't yours. Get me?" said Eugene Murphy, and because Eugene was a man of his word and could "lick

missing—yes, the pocketbook was unmistakably empty. My face fell. It gave me away. Hugh, the trusted, Paul, Barton, Ernest, and the rest looked up instantly as I examined the empty purse. "Say, Mrs. Mary, I know who did it; it's the new smelly guy, Oliver; I know it," Eugene indignantly roared. Hugh was upon me, vehement, and righteous immediately. "Now you go right out in the hall—we can run this thing down. Every guy here knows it's the new boy. He's the only one here that don't like us. He jest as good as said so when he come. We'll fix him. You go out, we'll get your money for you, and pretty quick, too."

"Don't hurt him, Hugh—remember, I am here to protect Oliver the same as I am to teach you, and if you boys forget and bully him when he is new and doesn't understand what sort of school this is, I will never forgive you." For Oliver had crawled into a corner, and was making himself as inconspicuous as possible.

"No, ma'am, we all promise." This came in chorus. "But we are all sure that Oliver swiped your money, and don't you worry, you'll get it back."

I was pushed forcibly into the hall, and the door closed upon me. There I stood, a leader of the young, a molder of character, supposed to plant ethics and honesty where they did not exist. I should protect poor dirty Oliver, and yet I must let the mob rule teach him he could not steal in

our school. Weakly I leaned against the ledge of the window and waited. I never heard before. But they were howls of an injured body—no, it was more of the hell of being found out. I waited no longer. I tried the knob of the door. It turned. I threw it open and who stood, naked as the day he was born, sobbing convulsively, "Gee, every d— one of you, I'll get me a Market street gang after you." He was running down his face in tiny rivulets. Heart seemed broken, indeed. "Hugh de Cal" held up a shoe in strings triumphantly. "Here it is, Mary, here it is," and he shook out the bright dimes. "Here's the money, you don't have to walk home," said significantly. He seized Oliver's robe. "Come on, guy, and get dressed in the robe."

After Oliver was led away by his lizyng friend, I ventured to ask, "How did you all know where to look for the money?"

"Why we all steal," said Eugene, "and we all hide it in our shoes." He added Eugene Murphy, "we ain't no dirty crooks enough to swipe from a biddy."

As the days went on, Oliver's dirt stirred my soul, and his continued diness and truancy brought forth a paper bequeathed me by my Irish mother. So one night, taking Earl Matthews and little brother, I mounted the stairs above the saloon on Market street. Oliver made his home. It was one o'clock, but all was very still. I looked on each of the three doors within the of vision and finally from the last a sepulchral voice called out, "There!"

"It is Oliver's teacher," I answered. Then a woman's voice quavered, "We are all in bed and you can't come." "I don't want to come in," I said. "But I am here to ask you to send Oliver to school on time, and to insist upon sending him every day. And please remember that the State says you are to do this and not Miss Irwin. If you fail to listen, why I'll have both you and mother—down in the Court of Juvenile Correction. And please wait before you send him."

The man in bed behind the door brave. "We ain't afraid of you, Granville Hogan, the Mayor's assistant, a friend of mine, and besides, I am Oliver's stepfather and you can't do nothin' with me. I ain't responsible."

"Now, Mr. King, I am here as a friend," I answered, but I held my breath and his little brother just the same. I thought every moment the door would burst open and I would be hurled down into the blackness below into the saloon. "I want to want all kindness, I do not know the legal obligations of a father toward his children, but I do that Oliver is coming to school, and coming every day, and he is coming with that for a parting shot with the fore me leading the way, and Earl brother bringing up the rear, I departed the subterranean depths, which led to a saloon with a noisy electric piano."

My threat did not do much good at all. But Oliver wormed his way, secretly, dirt and all, into my heart, was so smart. He could write as well as so unusual. He was always to be depended upon when company came.

For instance, one day when the judge was calling on us, and we were loved to have him, for he was the "understands," Oliver was responsible name the five greatest Missions of education and enlightenment of the world, arising with great dignity. He answered, "Jesse and Frank James of Washington, Abraham Lincoln and teacher, Mary Julia Irwin." And he shouted of the boys he remained loyal, except that in the future he would geyed him, I noticed he would not be the largest book he could find and would need to aim it at the head of his teacher who would dare to question. "Why ain't you got no sense? Don't you know that George Washington is dead, and why we git a holiday? An—the kids

she is a woman. She ain't no great. In the winter, teacher caught the. Five long days I lay in bed, feeling another woman was taking my place all the fun. When I returned, but anxious, Simon, a strange yet character, met me as I descended from street car. "Gee, but I'm glad to see ya, phoned, only when I found out a nickel, why it wasn't worth it."

"How are the boys?" I demanded. "Pretty good, only Stinker," he answered. "He hit the new biddy book. A big book, too—Mace's H. Gee, she got sore. She's a thin biddy, an' younger'n you. But she don't much," he added as he saw my face at the reference to size and age. "A plays on the piano rotten," he very solemnly added.

The teacher was a young girl graduated from the teachers' college. Usually the special school had knocked her three years' training to the four w and had left her asking herself, what is this that has come upon me? Poor I have often thought when pandemonium reigned on dark days, and all the boys ready for a scrap at the drop of the then's the time for a story, or a game a little lunch. It does not cost much to turn the tide, and often twenty bars or twenty sticks of candy to be sucked a sharp point in absolute silence, will the day. But they did not teach this of pedagogy at the teachers' college. I could see that the teacher was disgusted with her week's experience and she met me at the door.

"How are you feeling, Miss Irwin?" inquired coldly. Then in a louder tone, "My dear, I would not have your for a thousand a day. I never saw a boy and never did I hear such language such a week as I put in!"

"I am so sorry," I returned sympathically, glancing sternly at the twenty industrious forms bent over books and paper the tables. "But what is this terrible thing I hear about one of my boys striking you?"

A Legend

"Love had she found in huts where poor men live. Her daily teachers had been woods and hills. The silence that is in the starry sky. The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

ONE early morning in November, Dona Teresa came for a last ride with Senora.

"I have sold Quiri," she said. "This time she shall not return, as I am too old and too poor to care for her now. It will break her heart and mine to part, I know, but it is best for her. She will be given good care, and I only the Buen' Dios knows—" It was one of the last days of November when all the world seemed to stand still—laying down of all its activities and just waiting. The heavens of deepest blue seemed like an inverted bowl, whose nearness one could apparently reach out and touch—no cloud, no breeze, no life in all space.

"We are going today," said Dona Teresa, "where we have never been before, through the Cahuenga Pass and on to the San Fernando plain, where Senor Fremont signed the treaty with Don Andres Pico. You know how 'El General' was fooled by the Californians, do you not? My friend, Don Andres Machado, was one of four or five of the best horsemen in Southern California. The Californians knew that they were forced to capitulate, but were afraid that their property—their large ranches—would be confiscated. So they prepared to frighten Senor Fremont into a treaty, in which they would be allowed to keep their holdings."

"Five of them saddled their most spirited horses and rode through this pass and over the hills at breakneck speed. They rode up and down all the arroyos, spurring their horses, making Senor Fremont believe that they numbered a thousand instead of five men. When they reached the Americano, they rode forward and demanded that he have them their ranches before they signed the treaty. Thinking that the hills were full of them, he complied with their wishes, and thus was the bloodless battle of Cahuenga fought. All things do not go into history, Senora!"

There was a questioning look in Dona Teresa's eyes as she turned to La Senora. They drove slowly on, upward through the pass. The only sound in the heavenly stillness was the sound of the falling golden

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Realty News: Fact and Comment.

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PART VI.

school. Weakly I leaned against
the pane of the window and waited.

is a woman. She ain't no great man." In the winter, teacher caught the grippie. For long days I lay in bed, feeling that another woman was taking my place, having all the fun. When I returned, weak, nervous, anxious, Simon, a strange yet candid character, met me as I descended from the street car. "Gee, but I'm glad to see yer. I phoned, only when I found out it cost a nickel, why it wasn't worth it."

"How are the boys?" I demanded.

"Pretty good, only Stinker," he answered. "He hit the new biddy with a book. A big book, too—Mace's History. She got sore. She's a thin biddy, too, younger'n you. But she don't know much," he added as he saw my face fall at the reference to size and age. "An' she plays on the piano rotten," he very comfortably added.

The teacher was a young girl recently graduated from the teachers' college. Naturally the special school had knocked all her three years' training to the four winds, and had left her asking herself, what thing is this that has come upon me? Poor girl! I have often thought when pandemonium reigned on dark days, and all the boys were ready for a scrap at the drop of the hat, what was the time for a story, or a game, or a little lunch. It does not cost much to buy the tide, and often twenty bananas and twenty sticks of candy to be sucked to a sharp point in absolute silence, will save the day. But they did not teach this sort of pedagogy at the teachers' college, and I could see that the teacher was deeply disgusted with her week's experience when she met me at the door.

"How are you feeling, Miss Irwin?" she inquired coldly. Then in a louder tone of voice, "My dear, I would not have you jooze a thousand a day. I never saw such a drunk and never did I hear such language! I am so sorry," I returned sympathetically, glancing sternly at the twenty industrious forms bent over books and paper at the tables. "But what is this terrible thing that has come about one of my boys striking you?"

A Legend

When she found in huts where poor men lie; The daily teachers had been woods and hills, A place that is in the starry sky, The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

NE early morning in November, Dona Teresa came for a last ride with La Senora.

"I have sold Quiri," she said. "This time I shall not return, as I am too old and too weak to care for her now. It will break her heart and mine to part, I know, but it is best that way. She will be given good care, and I—the Buen' Dios knows—"

It was one of the last days of November, when all the world seemed to stand still—laying down of all its activities and just waiting. The heavens of deepest blue looked like an inverted bowl, whose nearness one could apparently reach out and touch—so cloud, no breeze, no life in all the air.

"We are going today," said Dona Teresa, when we have never been before, through Cahuenga Pass and on to the San Fernando plain, where Senor Fremont signed a treaty with Don Andres Pico. You know the 'El General' was fooled by the Californians, do you not? My friend, Don Andres Pico, was one of four or five of the best horsemen in Southern California. The Mexicans knew that they were forced to negotiate, but were afraid that their property—their large ranchos—would be confiscated. So they prepared to frighten Senor Fremont into a treaty, in which they would be allowed to keep their holdings.

One of them saddled their most spirited horse and rode through this pass and over the hills at breakneck speed. They rode up the steep slopes, spurring their horses, making Senor Fremont believe that they numbered a thousand instead of five. When they reached the Americano, they rode forward and demanded that he surrender their ranchos before they signed a treaty. Thinking that the hills were full of them, he complied with their wishes, and there was the bloodless battle of Cahuenga. All things do not go into history, you know."

There was a questioning look in Dona Teresa's eyes as she turned to La Senora and drove slowly on, upward through the hills. The only sound in the heavenly stillness was the sound of the falling golden

he baby, and at her skirts was another, perhaps a year older.

But in the spring, it was snake time under the big bridge. There were thousands of them to be captured and caged. Near the bridge there was the new Federal baseball park in process of building, and the Princess Theater was advertising movies along with "vodeville," for 10 and 20 cents. How could the special school for boys ever hope to compete with such fascinations as these? True, our garden was growing, and we were going to printing school once a week, publishing a real newspaper, but school was bondage to Oliver any way you put it. Often he came in at 10 o'clock, 10:30, 11, absolutely unashamed. One morning he brought me a note carefully written by himself, on a dirty piece of Hershey's Chocolate wrapping: "Dear Teacher: Please excuse Oliver from being late. I kept him home to help me with the wash. Mrs. King."

But he showed no signs of helping anyone with the wash, and the handwriting was unmistakably his own!

To my eyes he seemed hungry, always. And one day to try him, I laid on his desk a pound of dates. Glancing cautiously around to see that no one was looking, he seized the package, and consumed the whole pound without winking an eye or removing a single seed!

"Aha, Old Sleuth," quoth teacher, in special school language, "I have you, Jack Dalton. I will cure you of bumming by a meal ticket." So I singled out the stingiest man I knew, and the richest. He was selfish, but because he had indigestion himself and couldn't eat, he gave me \$5. I bought the meal tickets. I knew my boy. Had I trusted Oliver alone either with money or meal tickets, the temptation for candy, cigarettes and chewing tobacco would have been too great. So every noon I led Oliver by the hand to a little restaurant, clean, but poor. And he ate and ate and ate. Ravenously, furiously, lovingly and lingeringly! Sometimes he ate three tickets at one meal. I got another \$5 and another

and Stinker, the truantest of them all, was cured. He never missed a single day, and I beat the snakes, the Federal park and the Princess Theater by a string of tickets that put soup, ham-an', a cup o' coffee and a couple o' sinkers a day into a starving, dirty, 11-year-old boy.

Let's leave him here, before I am compelled to tell you of his downfall. For awhile I thought I had lost him, for when he left me at 14, the express business called him and he obeyed. He wanted to be a driver, and he was. All through the long, hot summer, Oliver drove and never one cent did he steal.

One Sunday I was foolishly entertaining a man about whom I cared not one rap, and who wasn't nearly as original as Oliver, when my front door bell rang, and there stood Stinker. I was overjoyed, and asked him how was business, but he laconically answered, "Lend me car fare to Glenwood," and I all unthinking gave him 10 cents. Alas, unthinking I was, indeed. It costs 20 cents to come and go from Glenwood. In the middle of the night the Sheriff called me. "Madam, I have in my custody a boy named Oliver King, who says you are the sole cause of his stealing a horse and buggy in Glenwood this afternoon."

I protested, of course, and told the Sheriff that I would come for Oliver in the morning.

At his trial before our own judge, Oliver persisted. "She knew—the biddy knew it was 20 cents to Glenwood, and how is a guy going to git home if he don't borrow a horse and buggy? An' if you send me to the House of 'Refuse,' it's all her fault, and I'll be doing time fer her."

Perhaps Oliver was right. How I wonder sometimes, what will be the outcome of him—my dirty, hungry, crooked-fingered Oliver? Loyal to him I will always be, for did he not brave the storm of public laughter, and place me, a mere woman, among the rest of his immortals—Jesse and Frank James, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln?

BY LAURA EVARTSEN KING.

leaves of the sycamore trees, sitting down one by one through the almost bare branches, "like baby funerals," Dona Teresa said. Now and then a squirrel looked out from behind a pile of leaves where he was busily hunting something for his daily meal. The little streams were running so low, or were disappearing so slowly into their sandy beds, that even they gave forth no sound. All was beautifully silent, not the silence of death, but the deep silence before the quickening of life.

They had driven on silently until a bend in the road, near the opening of the pass on to the plain, when Dona Teresa pointing to a rock ahead, almost surrounded by dry twigs, small and large, of the shrubs which grew in the canyon, remarked,

"There is where the Witch of the Pass abides. The saying among us is that she will bring misfortune to those who defy her influence by not leaving a dry branch of some kind with her before passing her rocky roost."

Descending from the carretela and crossing herself, Dona Teresa began searching for her tribute to the old witch of the Cañuena Pass. Returning to La Senora, she said,

"I will tell the story of how she became such a terror to travelers. There were, you know, many ranchos covering the Valley of San Gabriel. In these ranchos lived many *criadas* (maid servants,) so when, one day, Don Andres came bringing a *ninita* before him on his prancing horse, she was received without questions and given a place in the household. 'Ah qui, bonita' said mistress and maids as they gathered around her—dark, with eyes like the dying deer, hair curling close to her head, little brown hands clasped to the horn of the saddle, like the dimpled hands of the cherubs surrounding the Virgin at San Gabriel.

"Dona Antonia, the wife, remained very quiet. She gave Don Andres one quick look, and a cold, contemptuous smile settled on her face. She remembered that in her visits to the Rancho de las Pulgas she had observed among the *criadas* of the ranch a beautiful *Mestiza* girl, with curling hair, to whom they gave the appellation of *Chinita*.

"Don Andres made no explanation, and so little Teresita was adopted into the family. A number of years passed. Some of the

curl had grown out of her hair, but she was muy bonita still. She was quick to learn, and muy chispa. Because of her sparkling ways, she was petted and made much of at the ranch, given many more liberties than the other criadas, and so—Pobrecita—not remembering her mother, she loved Dona Antonia as her mother. She was her god-mother, you know, senora.

"Don Andres was rich, and sent his two boys to the States to school, that they might become Americanos. So there was a great excitement at the rancho when the news was brought that they were arriving the next week. The herds were rounded up. The best sheep and cattle were selected for the grand barbecue that would be given to celebrate their arrival at the rancho. Tortillas and empanadas were made by the dozen. Those at the ranchos were sure that the muchachos had not tasted 'empanadas de Calabasa' en los Estados—no, no, they were quite sure they had not.

"Then came the story-telling, recounting all the strange things in the country where they had been at school, then the dancing.

"It was at the close of the dance that Teresita was brought in. The other criadas had dressed her in gay colors significant of California—the yellow of the poppy, the green of the tender pelia, the red of the bounding blood of juventud." It was then that Ignacio, the younger of the boys, forgot the fair senoritas of the States and saw only Teresita. Senora, why go on with my tale? His parents had other views for him. His marriage had been arranged for him by them long before. She lived on one of the adjoining ranchos. Teresita, a servant in the household? "Never!" said Dona Antonia.

"She—Dona Antonia—made many visits to San Francisco, Santa Barbara. Don Andres took no part in the life at the rancho except to look after his vaqueros. His leguas of land looked after themselves, and no one but the money lenders looked after the mortgages. Money had to be gotten for the coming marriage of Ignacio.

"Of this, Teresita knew nothing. Life flowed on like the trickling stream in the arroyo, until one morning—one never-to-be-forgotten morning—on Dia San Juan, she awoke with the merry sounds of music in her ears. A gay bridal cavalcade was arriving at the casa, and she clasped her

hands to her eyes, to shut out the faces of Ignacio and his bride.

"The wedding fiesta lasted many days. Teresita went about her duties quietly and conscientiously. A week or more after the guests had departed, she disappeared.

"What use to look for her? There were leagues of land to hide in, mountains, hills and valleys.

"And the years followed one another in quick succession. One day a bleeding and bruised young horseman arrived at the rancho, who told a strange tale. He said when riding through the Cahuenga Pass on a visit to San Fernando, a strange, ragged, old woman, with flying hair, appeared from behind a large rock at the top of the canyon, waved her arms, and with curses said, 'I have waited for your kind many years! You shall not pass without a tribute to me! Throw a twig before my abode and you shall pass safely!' He tried to spur his horse to pass her, but the horse became terrified and threw him prone on the rocks, where he lay torn and bleeding. A mocking laugh echoed from the sides of the canyon, and a voice said, 'Thus shall it be to all young, handsome and heartless men! I shall be known as the Witch of Cahuenga Pass!'

"Senora, that is the story told me by Don Andres Machado. And everyone pays his tribute as he reaches this rock."

Registering Projector.

A new machine for use in printing establishments utilizes the principle of the opaque optical projector—the kind that projects postcard pictures and the like for the purpose of registering plates in a form; that is, adjusting them accurately in position, so that line falls upon line, or edges correspond, as in color printing. A copy of the registering plan, or detail, is placed on a glass plate facing downward, at an angle, at the top of the machine, and an image of this detail is projected onto the form below. The image is stationary, and the plates are moved by the operator until they coincide with it in the form, says the August Popular Mechanics Magazine.

[Yonkers Statesman:] Bacon: What do you think of Hindenburg's retreats?

Egbert: He reminds me of an actor who is forever forgetting his lines.

WAR HORSES I KNEW IN THE ARMY.

They Knew Bugle Calls. By Arthur Preston Hawkins.

I HAVE been a lifelong lover of the horse, and have ridden since I was 8 years old. My first ride was taken at the age of 5. I rode round the block alone on a one-eyed horse which was used by my father to turn a small mill in his grain elevator. When I returned to my starting place I informed the spectators that there had been a runaway. There had been a runaway so far as I was concerned. I had no control over my bony mount from the moment he started until he had circled the block. I spent all my time "pulling leather" with both hands about the saddle horn, and had no opportunity to grasp the reins. And the horse, accustomed to going in circles, had turned to the right at every corner to get back to the starting point as soon as possible, and to facilitate matters he had almost broken into a trot—not quite.

At 8 years of age I rode over the plains of Western Kansas on a little black cow horse from the Kitchen ranch, called Nigger. My next mount was named Bill. He was a little bay bronco, spavined and ringboned, but, oh, the unquenchable spirit of him! I made a trick horse of Bill, and when I finally enlisted in the light artillery I surprised my officers by being able to do many of the "monkey drill stunts" of seasoned mounted soldiers.

Soldier Horses.

The horses of my battery were a fine lot. Every horse in the corral was of the same color—a dark brown. All were geldings. Their weights varied from about 1250 pounds to 1500. The lightest animals comprised the lead teams of both caissons and pieces. The medium weights were swing teams. The heavy old lumberers were the wheelers.

It is surprising how active these big horses can become when trained under the saddle from colthood. The army wants unbroken colts so that they may be trained to military service from the start. Our horses knew nothing but soldiering. They paid no more attention to the roaring of the guns than do brewery horses to the rattle of a street car.

These horses learn the bugle calls. They will obey the bugle commands at drill with the slightest pressure on the reins, even when in the excitement of a breakneck charge. And how they love to drill! No cow pony could get more enjoyment out of chasing a breachy steer than do military horses from their every-day tasks.

Our stock was kept in the pink of condition. They were fed twice a day—at 4 in the morning and late in the afternoon. Twice a day they were groomed for forty-five minutes—an hour and a half in all. Their nostrils and eyes were washed, their feet cleaned. Toward the close of "stables" the officer of the day passed his white glove over the coat of a horse here and there. If the glove came away soiled, the man grooming that particular horse would not have finished when "recall" blew.

In summer we herded them. There were many acres of fine pasture land in the reservation, and a herd guard was sent out with the entire bunch. Often they would stampede, and then the guard would be doing "Western stuff" until they were in hand again.

We were allowed mounted passes in summer—every Saturday and Sunday. The regulations were that no man could tie his horse while on pass. When a man returned from mounted pass the stable sergeant examined his horse. If he showed signs of hard riding, that man would not get another mounted pass for many weeks. Yet at drill the same horse would be ridden until he was white with foam. Many are the times my friends and I have unsaddled and washed the caked foam from our horses in the river, then allowed the horses to dry in the sun before riding into the post. For rivalry is bound to exist between men in regard to their horses, and everybody loves a race.

The Horse that Didn't Want to Stop.

J. Rutherford Price, at one time captain of my battery, was a tall, straight, gloomy man of 60, with close-cropped snow-white hair. Price was given to periods of absent-mindedness. He was a studious man, and once wrapped in a problem he was likely to lose track of time, his surroundings, and the main business of the moment. It is my opinion that he should have been retired for senility long before I came into the battery, for such

a man might prove harmful if he were to lose track of the present while attending to the grim business of war.

Price rode a big, fine, leggy chestnut gelding, one of the neatest built army saddlers I have ever seen. He was quick and swift, and delighted in a reckless run. But he was headstrong, and, in his way, was as peculiar as Capt. Price.

In the morning the battery would line up for drill in front of the gun-sheds. The teams would be hitched on, and cannoneers and drivers waiting at ease for the coming of the captain.

In the meantime the bugler would have ridden to the old man's house, leading the chestnut. The house was over a quarter of

run. The first sergeant and the chiefs of sections would present sabers at the critical moment, but the horse would carry Price completely past the battery and dash for the stables.

"Rest!" the top would command, and his lips twitched with amusement.

At the stable door the stable sergeant would stand in readiness. The horse would bolt through the door, the patient bugler following. In the stable the sergeant and the old man would, between them, get the chestnut turned about and headed once more for the stable door. Price would set his teeth and wield the spurs, and out they would dash.

"Attention!"

But that would be all of it. At the conduct would be commendable.

Foxhall—the Horse that Didn't Stop.

No series of service reminiscences omit mention of Foxhall would be complete. Foxhall and Hank Malone, his

Foxhall was a big, sleek bay horse for years had been in the quartermaster department. It was whispered that at Foxhall had been a wheeler in some crack artillery organization.

But now his lowly duties were to bread every morning from the various outfits of the command, and houses of the noncommissioned staff.

Hank Malone, detailed in the quartermaster department, had trained Foxhall for years, promptly at 8 o'clock, Hank would throw the harness on Foxhall and lead him to his cart. Then, with a slap on his staidous rump, he would bid him be on the business of the day.

No driver was necessary. Foxhall was amble good-naturedly to the baker's, where the baker would feed him scraps of bread, stow the load of bakery products in his cart, covering them with a tarpaulin. Foxhall would meander away, munching grass, and then to nibble at a way-side grass, and reach I Company headquarters half-past eight.

The I Company cooks would receive baskets of bread consigned to them, and the remainder with the tarpaulin, Foxhall's ample rump. On he would go to K Company, where a like business would take place. From K to L, and one after another, to the sergeant's quarters, the noncommissioned staff. When the load was delivered, always before the sergeant would walk sedately back to the quartermaster's corral and hunt up some hitch him. All afternoon he would pace and quiet and brood over the past, for he was very old, very wise, and almost the master of his destiny.

The story goes that Hank Malone, pert with horses, was a peculiar individual, the butt of his company's jokes. "Joshed" him unmercifully. Hank could stand the torment so long as he decided not only to leave the company to teach his prosecutors a lesson, but to "take" it. He meant to return had been absent ten days, then he showed himself from being guilty of desertion. The company showed they were not so easily treated. He was not so easily treated him so basely, he was away forever.

His plan to learn whether or not the mentors were sorry for their part in the terrible thing which would seem to have happened to Hank was ingenious. He crawled under the tarpaulin covering Foxhall's cart, cut a slit, and watched proceedings after his departure. Foxhall was wont to linger some time in the plot between the house of the post sergeant and that of the post quartermaster, and here Hank meant to catch him, and slip out again before Foxhall on to his last stop.

Hank procured a chicken, smeared his pillows with the bird, and bunked at the quartermaster's quarters. He manufactured other evidence of his suicide. Then for several days he disappeared.

Soon, however, the longing to see "suicide" was being taken by him, and he overcame him, and he sneaked back to the proper time, intercepted Foxhall as he ambled serenely through a low, and crawled under the tarpaulin, cut a slit in the tarpaulin with his teeth, and peeked through when Foxhall was about to bring cart once more into view of the post.

Men passed, teased and patted Foxhall, but never once looked under the tarpaulin. Hank watched undisturbed.

All might have gone well had the battery moved to the post during the morning. They had become so used to the morning saw their first drill in the morning. Foxhall had no more than his shrill familiar scream of the morning than his mind went racing back years to the day when he was a crack artillery wheeler. With one charged, cart, bread, Hank and Foxhall, lifting his voice in a peal of drill, on one wheel he swung the cart of the battery, and, without a word of the battery, and, without a word

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO)



[Photo by Harry Carr.]

A GERMAN COLONEL AND HIS HORSES.

a mile from the gun-sheds. We would see the captain come out, take the reins from the bugler, and mount. The bugler would fall in rear, and the old captain start at a gallop for the battery.

When he was perhaps twenty-five yards from us the first sergeant would give the command:

"Cannoneers and drivers, mount!"

The battery would spring to its seats, dress, and sit at stiff attention while the captain approached.

But about every third morning the old man would be in one of his fits of abstraction. The chestnut would bear him along at a rapid gallop, straining always to break into a

Once more the battery would make ready to receive its captain. But the horse would carry the old man completely past again, and race across the parade ground to the very door of his house, the dutiful bugler always at his heels.

By this time the captain would be "out of his dope" sufficiently to realize the ridiculous figure he was cutting. And when the horse once more tried to race past the outfit, Price, with might and main, would manage to saw him to a dancing halt before his men. Then the chestnut would invariably face the battery, stamp one foot, and give a trumpet-like snort of defiance.

[20]

ME

THE Carpathian Mountains were covered with a heavy fog. Climbing about the summit seemed and grapple with their jagged below, among what once had been cypress groves, lay ruins, owl-like remains of former picturesque slumbering peacefully in the pathway. From the emplacement guns waited to roar and thunder bloodthirst.

On a drum, an improvised drum, and unevenly moves a soldier he is writing to someone far away new free Russia.

When my turn comes and I'm in the damp grave—do not grieve—for we have conquered and at last. Here upon the battle of a demoniacal autocracy, we for our country and not for the Lord in His mercy give me and protection so that I may look upon your dear face. We with joy at the news of our home via freed at last. Today our battalion, together with the command a telegram to Petrograd, telling the military and civil, we had sacred oath to stick together and last drop of blood fight on, fight on. When the news arrived at the end of the tyrannous government—no more bloodthirsty crushed or throttled the hopes of nation. Here among these mighty young Russia celebrated victory for freedom. The sight impressive—emotional—never to ten; the soldiers' faces beamed they kissed each other and threw high into the air; the swiftly-spoken was caught by the sentries above their cries and cheers, mingling reverberated from slope to crag.

How it all occurred sounds like a wonderful fairy tale. Who would have a few weeks ago of the happening day? No one ever dreamed the so few friends or that with one revolutionary army could sweep over everything against which so many generations of Russian citizens struggled.

Today there is a lull in the battle. The enemy pressed us hard, almost our battalion and, backed by superior artillery, forced us to retreat, but we are in this position. The suspense is killing; I may or may not finish my at any moment the attack may come. There is an oppressive silence, a that usually reigns before the coming. The air is dull—heavy—as though ened by the onslaught of black clouds which the vivid, blazing tongues of fire will presently strike. Sudden bugle sounds the alarm—"tis the hundreds and thousands of young be sacrificed. Hoarse voices crying in Himmel! Gott in Himmel!" are to us on the breeze, in whispers at though by a few, and then taken up dreds—the sounds increase to a roar echoes among the mountains—it is

Behind to our left crawled some black tail, wriggling like a serpent and there glittered a forest of bayonets made the sign of the cross. What these? Had the enemy got behind? waited in silence—rifles clutched—chinese-gunners ready to repel the charge. We held our fire; a voice near by called, "We are friends, we advance guard of the relief"—and then—muddy and perspiring, somewhat gully, though glad, our

Name Printed on Cigars.

Names of cigars can be printed on the tobacco-leaf wrapper by means of a machine of late invention, not yet placed on the market. The freshly-rolled cigarette is fed into the machine at one end and a yoked side by side on a belt to the stamp, at the end of an arm that is operated by a hand crank or may be run by a motor. The name is printed lengthwise on the cigarette in ink, without injuring the wrapper machine, which is described and illustrated in the August Popular Mechanics Magazine. It is designed to replace the perforation

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Local Representative, Maj.
H. A. Blackwell, 105 S. Lake,
Pasadena. Phone Fair Oaks
1062.

CAPT. THOS. A. DAVIS, Supt.
Late Sixth U.S.V. Infantry, Pacific Beach, Cal.

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PART V.

Realty News: Fact and Comment.

Financial: Markets.

PART VI.

ARMY.

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had been delivered, always before
would walk sedately back to the quar-
termaster's corral and hunt up somebody
to hitch him. All afternoon he would
be quiet and brood over his
past, for he was very old, very much
and almost the master of his destiny.

The story goes that Hank, though
expert with horses, was a peculiar sort
of individual, the butt of his company
jokes. "Joshed" him unmercifully. Foxhall
could stand the torment no longer.
He decided not only to leave the company
to teach his prosecutors a lesson, but
to "look" he meant to return before
he had been absent ten days, thus saving
himself from being guilty of desertion.
The company showed they were not sorry
he had treated him so basely, he meant
to stay forever.

His plan to learn whether or not
the sentries were sorry for their part in
the thing which would seem to have
been to Hank was ingenious. He
crawled under the tarpaulin covering
the cart, cut a slit, and then
watched proceedings after his departure.
Foxhall was not to linger some time at
the post between the house of the post
sergeant and that of the post com-
mander, and here Hank meant to
slip out again before Foxhall
reached his last stop.

Hank procured a chicken, killed
it, and placed the pillows with the
chicken at the quartermaster's stable.
The quartermaster, other evidence pointing
to the fact. Then for several days he
waited.

So, however, the longing to see
the "chicken" was being taken by his
overcome him, and he sneaked into the
stable at the proper time, intercepted Foxhall
as he ambled serenely through a desert
of snow, and crawled under the tarpaulin
to cut a slit in the tarpaulin with his knife.
He looked through when Foxhall pulled
his cart once more into view of the
post. Men passed, teased and petted the
horse, but never once looked under the tarpaulin.
Hank watched undisturbed.

All might have gone well had not
the battery moved to the post during Hank's
absence. They had become settled, and
Hank saw their first drill in the new
formation. Foxhall had no more than
heard the familiar scream of the artillery
when his mind went racing back over
the years to the day when he was a
battery wheeler. With one
sudden charge, cart, bread, Hank and all
he was lifting his voice in a plaintive
cry. One wheel he swung the cart to
the battery, and, without a driver

CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-

MEDITATION IN THE TRENCHES.

Volodya. By Nicholas Dunaew.

Dedicated to My Dearest Friend, Miss Renee Baker.

THE Carpathian Mountains were covered with a heavy fog. Clouds creeping about the summit seemed to clutch and grapple with their jagged cliffs. Far below, among what once had been graceful cypress groves, lay ruins, owl-haunted, aerial remains of former picturesque villages, slumbering peacefully in the War God's pathway. From the emplacements mighty guns waited to roar and thunder in their bloodthirst.

On a drum, an improvised table, nervously and unevenly moves a soldier's hand—he is writing to someone far away in the new free Russia.

When my turn comes and I'm put away in the damp grave—do not grieve—do not cry—for we have conquered and are free at last. Here upon the battle fields fighting a demoniacal autocracy, we are dying for our country and not for the Czar. May the Lord in His mercy give me strength and protection so that I may yet again look upon your dear face. We are filled with joy at the news of our home, and Russia freed at last. Today our entire battalion, together with the commander, sent a telegram to Petrograd, telling the authorities, military and civil, we had taken a sacred oath to stick together and with our last drop of blood fight on, fight on for Russia. When the news arrived we realized the end of the tyrannous government had come—no more bloodthirsty Rasputins crushed or throttled the hopes of emancipation. Here among these mighty mountains young Russia celebrated the glorious victory for freedom. The sight was very impressive—emotional—never to be forgotten; the soldiers' faces beamed with joy; they kissed each other and threw their caps high into the air; the swiftly-speeding news was caught by the sentries above us and their cries and cheers, mingling with ours, reverberated from slope to slope.

How it all occurred sounds like a wonderful fairy tale. Who would have thought a few weeks ago of the happenings of today? No one ever dreamed the Czar had so few friends or that with one blow the revolutionary army could sweep away for ever everything against which so many generations of Russian citizens prayed and struggled.

Today there is a lull in the battle. The enemy pressed us hard, almost encircling our battalion and, backed by superior artillery, forced us to retreat, but we are holding this position. The suspense is sickening; I may or may not finish my letter—at any moment the attack may commence. There is an oppressive silence, a silence that usually reigns before the coming storm. The air is dull—heavy—as though threatened by the onslaught of black clouds, from which the vivid, blazing tongues of lightning will presently strike. Suddenly the long sounds the alarm—'tis the call for hundreds and thousands of young lives to be sacrificed. Hoarse voices crying "Gott in Himmel! Gott in Himmel!" are carried to us on the breeze, in whispers at first as though by a few, and then taken up by hundreds—the sounds increase to a roar, which echoes among the mountains—it awoke

Behind to our left crawled some long, black tail, wriggling like a serpent. Here and there glittered a forest of bayonets. We made the sign of the cross. What were these? Had the enemy got behind us? We waited in silence—rifles clutched—the machine-guns ready to repel the coming charge. We held our fire; a voice from afar by called, "We are friends, we are the advance guard of the relief"—and then—then—muddy and perspiring, feeling somewhat guilty, though glad, our soldiers

Name Printed on Cigars.

Names of cigars can be printed direct on the tobacco-leaf wrapper by means of a machine of late invention, not yet placed on the market. The freshly-rolled cigars are fed into the machine at one end and conveyed side by side on a belt to the printing stamp, at the end of an arm that is operated by a hand crank or may be run by a motor. The name is printed lengthwise on the cigar in ink, without injuring the wrapper. The machine, which is described and illustrated in the August Popular Mechanics Magazine, is designed to replace the perforating de-

jumped up and, with loud and mighty hurrahs, drowned the shouts of the enemy.

The column crept nearer and soon our little company felt its strength—guns were unlimbered and trained on the enemy. The air sang with bullets—the crackling of rifle fire charged to the roar of cannons. We in the advanced trenches exchanged bombs with the opposing troops.

It is over. The attack has been stopped, our trenches were saved, but the retreating soldiers swore an oath to their war-mad Kaiser to capture us or die. And they died as they crept across No Man's Land, or as they struggled to get through our barbed wire. Here they were entangled—suspended—shot to pieces. Some, a few, escaped the terrific fire and entered our trenches, only to be hacked—dismembered—decapitated. The light-brown earth was soaked with their blood. Bodyless heads grinned or glared as they fell and rolled.

The winter snows have covered the mountains and plains and buried beneath their falling flakes the horrors of the attack. In the trenches everything is quiet—a sentry passes backward and forward, his eye and ear alert through weeks of training.

Thoughts of her so far away and yet so near to my heart—my Arinuschka—creep into my head—they tease and entice me into sweet dreams. I see her fair head—her aggressive smile—the light of her eyes drives me mad. She turns her face toward me and, smiling with her velvet-brown eyes, says, "Why don't you dance?" I forget my unfortunate awkwardness in dancing and ask her for a waltz. I see Arinuschka to her home—we walk through a dark street

dead in the severe cold—the corpses of former comrades lie partly hidden in the hummocks of wind-blown snow. There is dreadful silence everywhere. Night hides herself in this cheerless quietude—only the snores of sleeping soldiers break the stillness, as hungry and exhausted they fall asleep, perhaps to dream of homes and happy firesides.

Large stars twinkle, twinkle and shiver in the sky—icicles clink on the bearded sentry as he guards the slumberers. Suddenly the silent, frosty atmosphere is split by a bullet, the echoes of the shot crackle, snap and purr from crag to crag and die in a distant whine.

Again the awful silence and I'm alone with my memories. Thoughts in swarms pass swiftly through my brain—night is calling forth visions of the past—I picture the face of my dear mother—our home—the cosy room—writing desk—books—red-wood chairs—fireplace—and through the

the barbed wire and shrieked as the death current, passing from fingers to heart, twisted him. There is an inhuman face at the end of my rifle—I fire. The shooting becomes general. Is this the end? Is it death? My soul is filled with a great sadness.

Back of the lines the hospitals are overflowing. Stretchers, stretchers—hundreds of wounded—dying—or gassed soldiers—victims of the God of Mammon and the God of War. Among them, Volodya.

His turn comes. The surgeon operates—he regains consciousness—grasps for his leg—it is gone. With a mad scream he tries to break from the arms of a Red Cross nurse—he wants to run.

Volodya left the hospital, was honorably discharged and sent to his home. Stumping along with his wooden limb, he reaches the familiar street that leads to his dear



WITH A MAD SCREAM HE TRIES TO BREAK FROM THE ARMS OF A RED CROSS NURSE.

and I feel the caress of her warm fingers, which have found themselves in my hand. It is quiet—no one comes or goes—I seem to hear the beating of her heart. Suddenly and timidly my lips murmur, "I love you, Arinuschka, love you more than life." Trembling like a frightened deer, she draws near to me—her passion-filled breath sweeps across my face—our lips meet in a kiss, pure as the sweet air of a night in May. "I love you, too, my dear—my brave Volodya." Like the sound of a silver bell her voice rings in my ear—a joy beyond description takes away my breath. Where are you now, my own? Do you think about your friend Volodya living in the cold trenches, where I feel drowsy, damp and hungry? A pain seizes my side—I am cold—I shiver—my heart is in an icy grip—all around seems

window I see the landscape enriched by the beauties of the old garden. In imagination I am again at my studies of orbis, piscis, crinis.

Oh, the long-forgotten, irrevocable child days—youthful dreams—ambitions—love days—how bright and sun-clad they were!

The wind moans among the cannon and whistles in their mouths. Snow dust flicked by unseen hands from overhead rocks scatters and glitters like minute diamonds.

Again the silence. Dark clouds roof the trenches—the gloom reminds me of the gigantic jaws of some beast—obscurity swallows mountains, monster guns—everything. Just before dawn the Germans sneaked up—white-robed and hooded. One reached

Arinuschka—slowly, awkwardly, he goes up the balcony steps—he hears her voice, and a thrill of happiness sweeps over him. Arinuschka opens the door and stands, startled. "Volodya—you!" She runs her eyes over him, seeing the amputated limb, and a flood of pity rushes to her face, leaving her cold—wild-eyed, motionless, waiting for him to speak. "Yes, I am Volodya—I have returned, as I promised, to you. But—why don't you speak, Arinuschka?" "They—the papers said you—you were killed, and I—I married your friend Kerensky a month ago."

Volodya, victim of war—heartbroken, stumps the streets and at the corners he sits wearily, his hands outstretched for the pennies of the passerby.

Attainment.

The pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow symbolizes aspiration—achievement, Desiring—attaining, Journeying—arriving, Searching—finding, Dreaming—realizing. This is a fixed law—labor preceding reward, The stress of anxious thought, The sweat of heavy toil, The eager bliss of hoping, The trembling sense of fearing Only fuller fill the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. STELLA CARVER.

No Sanctified Constitutions.

"Some men," wrote Jefferson in his old age, "look at constitutions with sanctimonious reverence, and deem them like the ark of the covenant—too sacred to be touched. They ascribe to the men of the preceding age a wisdom more than human, and suppose what they did to be beyond amend-

ment. I knew that age well; I belonged to it and labored with it. It deserved well of its country. It was very like the present, but without the experience of the present. . . . I am certainly not an advocate of frequent and untried changes in laws and constitutions. . . . But I know also that laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind." [The New Republic.]

[Judge:] He: The styles in woman's clothes are scandalous.
She: Don't worry, dear. They'll change before you get me any.

THE STORY OF SETH HATHAWAY, SWAMPER REMOV

Mule Skinning. By O. E. Mays.

MULESKINNING on the mountain highway in Kern county, from Caliente to Kernville, is ordinarily prosaic enough, but under some conditions, especially after a storm of more or less violence, it is quite an achievement. The grade is easily negotiable by the average "skinner," but there are many acute angles on the route over the two ranges of mountains, which intervene. The ordinary "jerk-line skinner" who has made the trip a number of times thinks nothing of any tight places that may be encountered on the route, because he is in thorough accord with his team, every member of which knows its place and keeps it, always doing the right thing at the right time, and requiring as a rule very little direction or persuasion on the part of the "skinner" or driver. But the same driver when first attempting the trip is not nearly so complacent. With an eight-mule team, loaded with the average half-ton to the animal, it requires a level head and considerable skill to successfully make those acute turns and also conserve the energy of his team for use on the steeper grades, which occur on the route before the summit is reached.

What a Swamper Is.

To one not familiar with freighting in the mountains it is rather interesting to note the skill and ease with which the average "jerk-line skinner" directs his team. It

Just why the "mule-skinner" should be so designated is conjectural. Literally the term is a misnomer, for while he does not really "skin" his animals, it is sometimes necessary for him to very nearly do so. The term most likely has its origin in the strenuous manner in which he sometimes "wakes up" or arouses his team. The mule being a hybrid is not responsive to treatment usually accorded the more intelligent horse. The experienced skinner is always armed with a servicable "black-snake" whip, in the use of which he is an adept.

Upon "hooking up" his team in the morning the skinner will take each animal in turn and give it a most thorough touncing. He lays it on good and plenty and from all angles. The whip does not permanently injure the animal, but it certainly stings and smarts. It is hard to think that any mule could endure such treatment and not "wake up." It generally has the desired effect, for when the "skinner" takes his seat in the saddle every animal is "up on the bit," awake and alert, ready and anxious to obey the slightest command, for the poor brute apparently doesn't know what will happen next.

If an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should chance to witness this "waking-up" proceeding he would most likely be tempted to pinch the skinner or at least remonstrate; but it is doubtful if he could make

the bend it is the duty of the "swing" and "pointers" to cross the transmission chain and pull almost at right angles to the "leaders." The "pointers" technically "point" the wagon pole, practically guiding the vehicle. The "wheelers," in addition to pulling their share of the load, are depended upon to "bank" the wagon in case of necessity. Disaster is minimized by this banking ability of the wheelers. They are generally the heaviest and most powerful animals on the team. At a word of command, or impelled by the sting of the lash, a good wheeler by forging ahead can throw a heavily-laden wagon toward the bank, if for any reason it has crept too near the edge of the precipice.

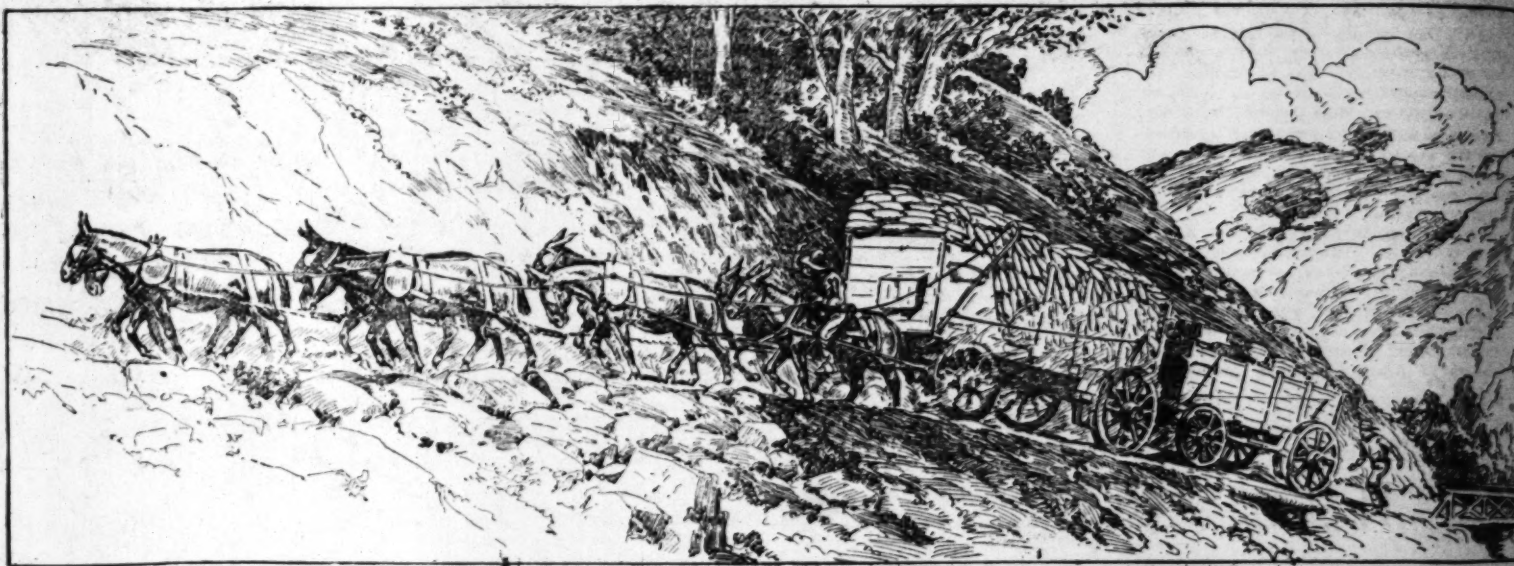
The psychology of the proceeding is manifest. Whether from instinct, or the force of habit, or both, the various units of a well-trained team will perform their functions with well-nigh automatic precision. This clever stunt excites the wonder and admiration of the amateur, but the veteran mule-skinner is indifferent. He, or at least some of him, argue that when the "swing" and "pointers" feel the rub of the chain against their fore legs, that is the signal for them to "cross the chain." It is all done with mathematical accuracy, harmonious team work promoting efficiency. What percentage of energy is lost in rounding a horseshoe bend, if any at all, is perhaps a problem for scientific solution.

of him and he wanted to deliver the goods, have no chance, but this boy "took a chance," anyhow. He generally did it in a way, however, which left no cause for abuse. He knew he would get that, and he did not care. He was conscientious and believed in doing the best that lies nearest, whether commanded to do so or not.

It is sometimes necessary on a steep grade for a fatigued team to go perhaps ten feet farther in order to reach the coveted resting place, where the grade is not so steep. If a stop is made before the resting place is reached, it is difficult, if not impossible, to start again. Wherever a start may be made from the resting place because of the easier grade. Seth had often averted trouble by persuading a "dying" mule, with one of his sharp remarks to "hit the collar" with sufficient momentum to carry the load safely to the resting place.

Seth Proves Himself.

Little helpful acts of this kind were chalked up against Seth, but never to his credit. There came a day, however, when he came into his own. The boss skinner had left Caliente in rather poor physical condition, having imbibed freely of the "red-eye" the previous evening. The team went smoothly enough until a level stretch



looks easy and simple enough, but the average amateur will find that in "mule-skinning," as in anything else worth while, there is much to learn. He usually begins as a "swamper," which in the vernacular of the profession means a factotum or general "roustabout," one of his duties being to watch the "chock block" with which all freighters are or should be equipped. This "chock block" is a sort of "safety-first" contrivance designed to prevent the heavily-laden vehicle from rolling down grade when the skinner, "winds" or rests his team on a long up-hill pull. These "rests" usually occur at intervals suited to the capacity of the team. When not in use this block is suspended by chains from the rear, but when in use it trails upon the ground immediately back of the wheel. It is usually of sufficient dimension to keep the "center of gravity" well within the safety limit.

When climbing a grade it is the "swampers'" duty to "bring up the rear" watching the block and never permitting it to be diverted from its function by any slight obstruction which might occur in the roadway.

From all of which it is obvious that the lot of the swamper is not an enviable one. Compelled to endure the ridicule, contempt, spite and disdain of the "boss skinner," if he is "yellow," he does not stick long; while to the former goes all the honor, distinction and emoluments of any specially difficult trip that may have been made. No difference how efficient the "swamper" may have been, that virtue is not recognized or acknowledged in any way.

it "stick" in a court of law, as there is no process known to the profession which will entirely supplant it.

Hybrid Mule "Hits" the Collar.

The mule as a hybrid may be an improvement on the horse, barring intelligence. He "hits" the collar with all four feet firmly planted, using apparently every muscle of the body. He is persistent and tenacious, while the horse, being of a more nervous temperament, is more fastidious, feeling tentatively for a suitable footing, and then hitting the collar with more or less of a "jerk" or jar, often clearing the ground with the front feet. The resultant concussion tends to weaken the vertebra and the stifle and pastern joints, which in time impair the vitality of the animal. The mule seems to hug the ground, doing as much work with the front legs and shoulder blades as with the remainder of the body.

In the case of an eight-or-ten-mule team the jerk-line seems to be the more efficient means of control, while a team of the same number of horses is generally driven by means of check-reins. These methods are customary, at least, and while largely a matter of preference, seems to be in vogue more from force of habit than any other reason.

An eight-mule team consists technically of the "leaders," followed in turn by the "swing," the "pointers" and the "wheelers." In making a horseshoe bend on the mountain highway each unit of the team has its particular function. The "leaders" naturally lead. When they have rounded

Seth Hathaway, a brake-beam tourist, "blew in" to Caliente one hot summer afternoon. It is always hot in Caliente, hence its name. Seth generally took the first job that offered, but such shiftless nondescripts rarely fit very well or very long anywhere. He looked none too good to the boss skinner, but that worthy was obliged to have a "swamper" the next day, so Seth got the job forthwith. He had a very peculiar way of going about his work, apparently backwards, but he generally got there just the same. This peculiarity was quickly noticed by the skinner and others more or less observant to such an extent that the fact was soon acknowledged among them that "Seth Hathaway of his own."

He learned rapidly, and with little or no coaching. After a few trips he was always provided with several pocketsful of carefully-selected, sharp-edged stones; and woe unto the mule that dared "soldier" on the job; said mule was glad to "hit the collar" good and plenty when he received a blow in the flank or rump from one of those sharp stones which Seth always carried for such use and which he hurled with unerring aim from his position behind the "chock-block." He was always very much on the job, but he was not popular, because no one approved of his way of doing things. He was too original. His boss thought he did not do things according to Hoyle.

A "swamper" is supposed to be a non-entity in the estimation of the "boss skinner," and if he tries to be otherwise he is not popular. Seth was disposed to take the initiative. He was not insolent or offensive, but he felt something was expected

of road was met, when, for some unexplained reason, the brake refused to work. Feeling the momentum of the wagon gaining speed with each step, Seth began every "cut-off" on the route, and by taking the one nearest at hand, he would only be obliged to travel perhaps a city block to overtake the team, while it was moving perhaps a half-mile. This he speedily did, and as the team came alongside he vaulted lightly into the saddle, left vacant by the drunken skinner. It was rather risky, by banking the wagon gradually, he brought it to a safe landing. He recovered the balance of the team, a short distance down the road, where he had stopped to reconnoiter. Hastily looking them up and adjusting the jerk-line, he was soon ready to proceed. After climbing up the break with a jack-knife contrivance of his own, he assisted the "skinner" to a place of safety on the trailer, where he bound him securely. Then he proceeded on the trip, arriving at his destination safely, where he found himself a hero, with a job as "boss skinner" awaiting him.

[Punch:] Officer (to private): What the devil are you doing down that hole? Didn't you hear me say we were against four to one?

George (a trade unionist): Ay, Ay, my boy; but Aaa killed me fower.

Improving on the Cow.

IT MAY be to some a surprise that the city milkman is providing purer milk at your door than his thoroughly up-to-date dairy milkmaid carries direct from the farm. This statement may tend to surprise some of its romance, the milkmaid (all milkmaids are supposed to be beautiful) of some of her halo summer boarder of some vacation fact remains that a large percentage of milk consumed would be cleaner and if subjected to the modern, sanitary treatment practiced in the large city which includes Pasteurization. The milk is more sentimental than sense in otherwise.

So that I may not be misunderstood, ever, please take particular note that a large percentage of milk consumed is not say all by any means because would include "certified milk" as milk produced by country gentlemen model farms that would easily pass a "certified test."

When one is very hungry—"starvation" as the expression goes—anything tickles the palate. And, when one has worked hard all day, the city—"starved to death," as it were, a glimpse of the country—almost a look and tastes good. The green trees, pure air, the cows grazing peacefully in meadows and all that sort of thing, their influence upon our better judgment that many naturally suppose that milk from the fountain head must of necessity be infinitely superior to the kind we have drinking in the city all winter. But the article is of a descriptive and not of a controversial nature, let us just stroll through a strictly up-to-date metropolitan dairy and see the process for ourselves.

The bane of the housewife, sour milk, due to the presence of impurities, is the aim of the treatment given milk by the dairyman is to remove impurities, it is to reason that such milk has better qualities. Just why there should be impurities to remove is entirely without the pale of a purely descriptive article.

Upon entering an up-to-date city dairy the first thing we learn is that cow's milk is made up of:

Solids (protein and sugar) 8 per cent

When K

IT WAS hot. The sun shone with white radiance peculiar to the Southwest in August. The branches of pepper trees hung motionless and Horned toads rustled in the dead grass. The rails of the street car track stretched away like two long flames. Kelly braked his car to a stop at the end of the line, pulled off his coat. That would help a little in the few minutes before he must start the return trip.

Motorman on the local lines of a Southern California town, Kelly was 40, fat and slow, possessor of an awful grouch. For a month he had been first favorite with the cashier at the Butterfly restaurant. He had eaten his candy, smiled and murmured that she enjoyed a mature man, boys so tiresome. Then Kelly made the mistake of introducing his new conductor, Ogle.

Ogle was 24, slim and handsome of all reason. Now Kelly was practically invisible to Kitty and his grouch grew greener.

Ogle lounged inside the car, manicured nails and grinned at Kelly's perspiring face. His immaculate coolness was an added offense. Kelly slouched on his stool, silently cursed the heat, his job, girls, glaring sunshine, slim young men, the company rule that men must wear their caps on duty, girls again, the heat—oh, what's new?

Ogle's watch case snapped, Kelly chanced on the car and started back to the door. He took the Lake street turn at a speed that made Ogle breathe hard, slowed down gradually through town, bumped over the road tracks in obedience to the watchman.

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PART V.

Realty News: Fact and Comment.

Financial: Markets.

PART VI.

[Saturday, Feb. 19, 1917.]

Pictures of the Day

How the Motorman Kept Cool in Face of Danger.

SWAMPER

REMOVING THE IMPURITIES FROM MILK.

Improving on the Cow. By Ernest Elva Weir.

Improving on the Cow.

and he wanted to deliver the goods. ordinary swamper is supposed to have no chance, but this boy "took a chance" anyhow. He generally did it in a "low-down" way, which left no cause for doubt. He knew he would get that, any- but he did not care. He was con- siderable and believed in doing the duty nearest, whether commanded to or not.

sometimes necessary on a steep for a fatigued team to go perhaps farther in order to reach the resting place, where the grade is not so steep. If a stop is made before the place is reached, it is difficult, if possible, to start again. Whereas a stop may be made from the resting place of the easier grade. Seth had averted trouble by persuading a "sol- dier" with one of his sharp rocks, the collar" with sufficient momen- tum to carry the load safely to the resting place.

helpful acts of this kind were set up against Seth, but never to his advantage. There came a day, however, when he was in his own. The boss skinner, Caliente in rather poor physical condition, having imbibed freely of old brandy the previous evening. Things went smoothly enough until a level stretch of road was reached.



was met, when, for some un- known reason, the brake refused to work. The momentum of the wagon was such that the mules began to canter, and with each step. Seth knew "cut-off" on the route, and by taking the nearest at hand, he would only be traveling perhaps a city block to the team, while it was traversing a half-mile. This he speedily did. The team came alongside he vaulted into the saddle, left vacant by the skinner. It was rather risky, but the transmission chain in order to the "leaders," "swing" and "point" the wagon gradually, he finally got it to a safe landing. He easily balanced the team, a shot down the road, where it had to reconnoiter. Hastily looking back and adjusting the jerk-line, he was ready to proceed. After cobbling the team with a jack-knife contrivance, he assisted the "skinner" to get safely on the trailer, where he was securely. Then he proceeded, arriving at his destination safely. He found himself a hero, with a "boss skinner" awaiting him.

Officer (to private): What are you doing down there? Can't you hear me say we were on our way to one? A trade unionist: Ay, Aa Leary, I've killed me fower.

It MAY be to some a surprise to know that the city milkman is possibly delivering purer milk at your door from a thoroughly up-to-date dairy than the milkmaid carries direct from the cow. Perhaps this statement may tend to rob the form of some of its romance, the beautiful milkmaid (all milkmaids are supposed to be beautiful) of some of her halo and the summer boarder of some vacation joys. But the fact remains that a large percentage of milk consumed would be cleaner and better if subjected to the modern, sanitary method of treatment practiced in the larger cities, which includes Pasteurization. There's really more sentiment than sense in thinking otherwise.

So that I may not be misunderstood, however, please take particular note that I say a large percentage of milk consumed. I do not say all by any means because that would include "certified milk" as well as milk produced by country gentlemen on model farms that would easily pass the "certified test."

When one is very hungry—"starved to death" as the expression goes—almost anything tickles the palate. And, similarly, when one has worked hard all winter in the city—"starved to death," as it were, for a glimpse of the country—almost anything looks and tastes good. The green trees, the pure air, the cows grazing peacefully in the meadows and all that sort of thing have their influence upon our better judgment, so that many naturally suppose that milk fresh from the fountain head must of necessity be infinitely superior to the kind we have been drinking in the city all winter. But as this article is of a descriptive and not of a controversial nature, let us just stroll together through a strictly up-to-date metropolitan dairy and see the process for ourselves.

The bane of the housewife, sour milk, is due to the presence of impurities. As the aim of the treatment given milk by the city dairyman is to remove impurities, it stands to reason that such milk has better keeping qualities. Just why there should be any impurities to remove is entirely without the pale of a purely descriptive article.

Upon entering an up-to-date city dairy, the first thing we learn is that cows milk is made up of:

Solids (protein and sugar) 8 per cent.

Butter fat (the natural fat of butter,) 3.7 to 4 per cent.
Water, 88 per cent.

In reply to a request to be allowed to follow the milk from its arrival at the factory to its exit in bottles ready for the consumer, we are escorted to a platform and told that there the milk is received from the farmer in cans holding eight or ten gallons, mostly the latter. After the cans are weighed and a sample taken from each, the milk begins its very active trip through the machines designed to remove all the things that shouldn't be there. It is first placed in an agitator to prevent the cream and milk from separating. This machine is well-named because, by means of a revolving screw, the milk is kept in a constant state of unrest for thirty minutes. After spending a few moments watching the milk being tossed about, we are invited to follow a pipe leading from the agitator to a machine called a "clarifier." While the word is more or less self-explanatory, it is interesting to note that the machine is equipped with fifty-six revolving discs which again stir up the milk. We are told that this feature of milk treatment is for the purpose of removing all sediment, such as dust and like impurities, and that this is accomplished without in any way affecting the butter-fat globules.

The mention of dust is a reminder that food experts declare that to this must be ascribed most milk troubles. In other words, that germs find entrance into milk through the media of dust and dirt and not through the udder of the cow. Without discussing the whys and wherefores of this mooted point, it is quite certain that this clarifying machine performs invaluable service from the standpoint of ordinary cleanliness, if from no other.

In the treatment of milk, the next step is the much heralded and equally much discussed Pasteurization process. On this particular inspection trip, however, we will forget that controversies ever existed and just content ourselves with a description of how the machine works. It is a double-jacketed piece of apparatus of which the center part is reserved for the milk and the space between the inner and outer walls, so to speak, for live steam. Running through the middle of the milk section is a spinner which can be made to revolve very rapidly. When the milk enters, the circulating steam heats it to 142 degrees Fahr. and the spinner agitates it during the three to five minutes

required for process. One purpose of the spinner is to prevent the milk from over-heating or scorching. Should the milk enter the Pasteurizer too cold, an automatically controlled valve opens and lets in more steam. As evidence of the care taken to keep the milk at a uniform temperature while in the Pasteurizer, our attention is directed to a thermometer that records every variation from the standard. For convenience in reading, the thermometer is located on the wall near the machine and in full sight of the operator.

The milk next goes to what is called a "holder," a tank with a central partition and crosswise divisions throughout its entire length. In other words, if turned on its side, the holder would have the appearance of a series of pigeon holes in two super-imposed tiers. The object of the center partition is to divide the apparatus into two equal and distinct parts or tanks. These two parts, being entirely independent of one another from an operating standpoint, practically constitute two separate tanks available for use either simultaneously or alternately.

The holder, we are informed, kills any germ that may have escaped the attention of the Pasteurizer. It acts on the principle of a thermos bottle—that is to say, the tank is so heavily insulated as to maintain a uniform temperature of 142 degrees F., being that at which the milk enters. The purpose of this odd construction will be better understood when it is explained that the milk, after leaving the Pasteurizer, enters one end of the hold at the bottom and passes, in turn, through every division of the particular side in operation. This is accomplished by the new incoming milk forcing the older milk forward and causing an overflow from one division to the next, succeeding, and so on until it finally reaches the end of the tank opposite to the point of entry. In this way, the contents of the holder are always kept flowing onward.

After this up-and-down passage through the holder, which occupies about half an hour, the milk is pumped to the coolers, of which there are two. These coolers are of like construction, a series of copper pipes arranged horizontally one above the other, and a trough extending the entire length of and under the lowest pipe. In the first cooler, however, cold water circulates in all the pipes; in the second, the upper ones are

filled with cold water and the lower ones with brine. The milk trickles down over the pipes, waterfall fashion, starting at the top and finally dropping into the trough. It passes from the first to the second cooler, leaving the latter at a temperature of 42 deg. F.

The milk is now piped to a rotary bottling and capping machine which automatically fills the bottles and puts on the familiar cap. After filling and sealing, the bottles pass to the storage room through a cold water spray to remove any milk on the outside. The delivery wagon does the rest.

As the law requires a certain percentage of butter fat in milk, this article would hardly be complete without brief mention of the usual plan of testing employed by many modern milk "factories." It is called the Babcock method and consists of putting 17.6 cubic centimeter samples of milk in small glass testing bottles with long, narrow necks. After the bottles are heated to a temperature of 60 or 70 deg. F. by immersion in hot water, 17.5 cubic centimeters of sulphuric acid are added to the sample. This changes the milk from white to a dark chocolate color. The sample is then shaken and placed in a Babcock testing machine, a simple piece of apparatus consisting of a number of metal pockets on a revolving disc, each pocket of a size to hold one sample bottle. Live steam is directed against the disc, somewhat on the principle of a steam turbine, which causes it to turn at a speed of 800 to 1000 revolutions per minute. Within six minutes the butter fat separates from all other substances and rises to the top. After adding a small portion of warm water to the sample, it is allowed to spin for another four minutes. Then enough water is added to bring the butter fat up to the neck of the bottle. Following a third spinning, the percentage of butter fat can be distinctly read by means of one-quarter per cent. markings on the neck of the bottle. The butter fat shows as a creamy yellow, while the rest of the contents remain a very dark color.

And as we leave the "factory," we are at least satisfied that the milk has been treated in a cleanly manner, untouched by human hands, and that if the folks in this particular up-to-date establishment did anything they shouldn't have done or left undone anything they should have done, it happened when we were not looking.

When Kelly Kept His Head and Lost His Grouch.

BY ANNA LENINGTON HEATH.

IT WAS hot. The sun shone with the white radiance peculiar to the South-west in August. The branches of the popper trees hung motionless and limp. Horned toads rustled in the dead grass and the rails of the street car track stretched away like two long flames. Kelly brought his car to a stop at the end of the line and pulled off his coat. That would help a little in the few minutes before he must start on the return trip.

Motorman on the local lines of a Southern California town, Kelly was 40, fat and, just now, possessor of an awful grouch. For a month he had been first favorite with Kitty, the cashier at the Butterfly restaurant. She had eaten his candy, smiled and murmured that she enjoyed a mature man, boys were so tiresome. Then Kelly made the mistake of introducing his new conductor, Ogle.

Ogle was 24, slim and handsome out of all reason. Now Kelly was practically invisible to Kitty and his grouch grew and grew.

Ogle lounged inside the car, manicured his nails and grinned at Kelly's perspiring back. His immaculate coolness was an added offense. Kelly slouched on his stool and glared at the heat, his job, girls, the glaring sunshine, slim young men, the company rule that men must wear their coats on duty, girls again, the heat—oh, what's the use?

Ogle's watch case snapped, Kelly changed his mind and started back to town. He took the Lake street turn at a speed that made Ogle breathe hard, slowed down grudgingly through town, bumped over the railroad tracks in obedience to the watchman's

signal, made another turn and sped away on the long stretch to the other end of the line. He had taken on no passengers and the street was empty save for three men—one on the sidewalk, one in the street on a bicycle (these about a block away,) the other in an auto just ahead of Kelly's car. All were going in the same direction.

As the street car and the auto drew abreast of the man on the bicycle a delivery wagon dashed out of an alley, struck the wheel and hurled the rider directly in front of the auto. Almost before he touched the pavement, the heavy machine hit him and tossed him to the car track in front of Kelly's car, where he lay motionless across one rail. Ogle screamed like a woman. Kelly, cool for the first time that day, threw off the power and set the brakes with a force that tried the construction of the car. The brakes held and did all that could be expected of them, but a heavy car can't be stopped instantly. It ground and scraped rearing the inert figure and Ogle screamed again. With a speed and agility astonishing in one of his bulk, Kelly dropped off, ran ahead and dragged the helpless figure aside. The car stopped half its length past the bloody spot where the man had lain, leaving no doubt that Kelly had saved the little life left in him.

The auto driver telephoned for an ambulance; Winter, the man on the walk, helped Kelly give first aid, and the driver of the delivery wagon tried to rouse Ogle, who had collapsed in a faint. A little crowd gathered, the ambulance finally came and Kelly was free to finish his run. Winter rode out to the end of the line and back, asked a few

questions and parted from Kelly with a brief compliment to his calmness and courage.

Winter was the new reporter on the Daily Bugle. To this day he looks with pride on the way he reported Kelly's rescue. An eyewitness to it all, the scene was still clear before him as he wrote and he made it live anew for his readers. The delivery man was condemned for "criminal carelessness," the auto driver was exonerated from all blame, Ogle's conduct damned as "emotional excitement." Then Kelly came into his own. Winter pictured his "blue-clad hero" in terms that filled Kelly with a longing to always be just that kind of a man. There was no longer room in his soul for a grouch and it died a natural death. "Of course Kitty preferred a younger man. Any girl would. Pity Ogle was such a baby."

Kitty did not hear of the accident until she was settled in her little cage next morning. Winter's article was the first thing she saw when she opened the morning paper. She read it through swiftly, then again more deliberately. When the breakfast rush was over, Kitty gave Ogle's latest box of candy to the homeliest waitress, went out and had a facial massage and a hairdress.

Kelly came in at noon without the least bit of swagger, his manner just the calm assurance of the man conscious of his own worth. He gave Kitty a kindly nod, ate his dinner with the usual relish and jollied the homely waitress in a way that made Kitty writhe. He paid his check, made a pleasant remark about the weather and turned away from the cashier's desk. Then Kitty found her voice, a bit queer and shaky it was, and called him back. When Kelly left the But-

terfly ten minutes later his grouch was not only dead but had been given Christian burial.

Novel Ball Park Opening.

A huge plaster-of-Paris baseball, filled with sparkling liquid, took the place of a bottle of champagne, and a model of an ocean liner served in place of a real boat, in a most unusual christening which marked the recent opening of a ball park, laid out for teams representing large shipbuilding firms at Seattle, says the August Popular Mechanics Magazine. The ball was placed on the home plate and the ship concealed behind a flag on top of the grand stand. When the flag was unfurled, revealing the ship, the latter was released from its support and began to slide down a wire which extended to the home plate. As the ship neared the ground it struck the ball and broke it, spilling its contents on the diamond, which was thereupon turned over to the players representing the shipbuilding concerns.

Brake Prevents Backlash.

A new device for preventing backlash in casting, now incorporated in certain fishing reels, consists of a bar to which is attached a wire ball that serves as a brake lever. Whenever the fish line is taut it draws the ball up into such a position that it releases the reel brakes, but when the line slackens, as when the bait strikes the water, the ball drops down, setting the brakes so that the reel's speed is lessened and no backlash occurs, says the August Popular Mechanics Magazine.

"I'M TELLING YOU HOW TO GET A JOB"

Tips from Experience. By A Rolling Stone.

CONFIDENCE, Appearance, Ability.

These, in the order named, are the essentials to getting a job.

If you haven't any ability, "confidence" becomes bluff.

I remember the first job I ever had. It was office boy in a wholesale steel and iron firm and there was a lot of running around town to do.

I answered an ad and there were nearly a hundred candidates besides myself.

The first question they asked us was "are you thoroughly acquainted with the city?"

Each in turn expressed his ability to find his way about, and some said "not very well, but I can quickly learn."

When it came my turn I said, "yes sir, I know the town so well that my dad says I must have named the streets myself."

And I was the fellow who got the job when, to tell the truth, I didn't even know the next street over from that on which I was working.

Of course some people will say "what's the use of getting a job, if you can't fill it when you get it?"

And the answer is, how do you know you can't fill it until you try? Keep awake, watch your step and unless it's a technical or scientific place you're as liable to make good as anyone else.

Secret of Success.

A certain man I worked for while still a kid told me one day "the secret of success is to accept any advancement offered you and go at it for all that's in you. Don't sidestep something because it's new to you."

I've always remembered that and followed the advice.

I started on a hike once with a chum. Our idea was to pick up work here and there and pay our way. First place we struck was a farm and we asked for work enough to pay for our supper and lodging.

"Can you milk?" asked the farmer. "No," says Fred. "Sure," says I, and between you and me, being a city boy, I had never yet seen a live cow.

We managed to milk the animal all right, or at least Fred did. I was afraid of it. Which was a case where, but for confidence, we'd have been stuck.

When I was a kid in school there were two studies I used to think were silly and useless—elocution and ancient history.

Experience has taught me that elocution is a great factor in getting jobs. I still hold to the opinion that the "history" doesn't help much.

How Elocuting Gets You By.

Chances are, many of you, especially the

young people who read this, will find it hard to figure how screeching A E I O U and reciting "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" is going to help you get by.

Here's the answer.

It accustoms you to speaking in public. It keeps you from getting nervous and tongue-tied at the vital moment. You acquire better, surer poise, and what you say, you say loud enough and clear enough to be understood.

Ever try to ask the boss for a raise? If you stuttered, apologized and twiddled your thumbs it's a cinch you didn't get it.

Remember though, there is a lot of difference between real confidence and bluff, as set against conceit and freshness. Loud-mouthed boasting is no good. The whole idea is to give an impression of willingness and capability.

On more than one occasion I have landed places I knew nothing about, and had the boss tell me afterwards that he knew I was bluffing because I used the wrong terms in expressing myself. He added, "I took you because I figured you had the right stuff in you and the ability to learn what I wanted you to do."

That is, even if the man you are applying to knows you are green, chances are he'll figure you as a live one in preference to the halting, shivering chap, who really, so far as ability is concerned, might be an expert.

Remember, I'm telling you how to get a job, not how to hold it.

There's an old and widely circulated story about a chap who tried to get a job with a railroad and claimed he had had experience. I guess the story is older than I am, but I pulled the same stunt.

I held up the freight department of the Illinois Central for a job. I had to send in a slip to the boss stating my errand and marked on it that I had had experience. I was shown in.

He talked a while and casually asked me what time it was.

"Quarter of four," I answered.

"My boy," he said, "if you had ever had any railroad experience you would have said three-forty-five."

Did I lose out? No. We both laughed, I explained that I needed the work and was sure I could do it and he let me try.

Never crawl to the man you are soliciting. No one likes a cringer. Be a man, not a worm.

Of course, beyond all this is the law of supply and demand. There is little sense of trying for work in a place that is already crowded.

There is little sense in chasing Help Wanted ads unless the name of a reliable firm is attached. I have run down every help wanted ad in the fifty biggest cities in

this country and found 90 per cent. were fakes, requiring money to get the job.

I had an awfully funny experience in Chicago. Sometimes with all your philosophy and all your experience, it seems as if you simply couldn't land.

The Gentleman Chambermaid.

It was during a spell like this that I sat on the lake front and tried to figure out a supply and demand. Nothing doing. And while I was sitting there a half dozen women came along. They were kicking because they had been fired from a neighboring hotel.

I was over there in five minutes. "Understand you need chambermaids."

"What of it?" demanded the manager. "Well, I'm one," I retorted.

He couldn't see it for awhile, but after I had argued that a man was stronger than a woman, worked harder and wasn't so temperamental, etc., he decided to try it. I got fired in two days because I couldn't sweep clean, but so far as I know, this hotel, even today, uses men as domestics.

While I was in New Orleans I got a job as a stenographer. No, I couldn't write shorthand, but I could run a typewriter. I told the man I could take dictation. I made good.

Because—there isn't one business man in a thousand who can dictate fast enough to use a real stenographer. I was with him a month before he discovered I wasn't taking his stuff in shorthand. He laughed and gave me a raise.

My experience has taught me another thing. If you can, have a trade and a profession. By that I mean, if you are studying medicine or law, learn also to be a printer or a machinist. When one fails the other is liable to save you hungry days while you're getting on your feet.

One of the most disheartening sights I ever saw was in Detroit. I think it was 1909, but maybe it was '08. Every morning there would be a mile of anxious lined up at the Ford and Cadillac plants hoping to get a day's work. The boom was on, and there were ten or twenty men for every available job. Apparently none of them could do anything but their one line, and they were slowly but surely starving to death.

This condition in a less flagrant way has existed in Los Angeles for many years. I have met hundreds of men in this city who, on the strength of the advertising of the railroads and Chamber of Commerce, gave up steady jobs in eastern cities to come out here, only to find there's nothing doing.

Making the Supply Fit the Demand.

And do you know what the really great charity in this country is going to be? A

bureau of supply and demand, which will furnish transportation to the unemployed in the place where there is work for them.

It will be like a clearinghouse. There will be branches in the big cities and counties. They will make reports on the needs of their communities, and the surplus labor in them.

Los Angeles needs structural steel workers, we'll say. In Philadelphia there are hundreds out of work. They haven't the price to come to Los Angeles. All right. The bureau sees that they get here.

The unions keep more people out of work than anyone else. Even a union man, coming from another community, is liable to starve to death while waiting for the tape to be untied. In San Francisco especially, I saw a lot of really capable and experienced men turned down at the command of the unions when there was plenty of work to be done and men who could do it were scarce. However, that's another story.

The big idea is this. If you can't land a job in your own line, don't be afraid to go after something else. Lots of the places that you think you could never fill, turn out to be much easier than what you are already familiar with.

And, to give you confidence, here's another thing. Always bear in mind that the worst they can do is fire you, and in the case, at least you are no worse off than you were before.

In traveling around, whenever I got against it, I always looked around for something that required a lot of help.

For example, in certain seasons there is the harvesting in the Middle West. Corn, wheat, oats and rye, but especially wheat is always good for a job and you don't need experience. In California there are the oranges and the beans.

Don't go south for a job for colored labor has you backed off the map and in professional lines the country is too poor and so proud to support hardly anyone except in old reliables.

The real vital thing about job getting is to be able to go where the openings are. It's possible to buy a diamond ring worth enough so that if you need to get from Los Angeles to New York you can pawn the ring and hop the train.

Another thing, try always to have a suit of good clothes and a pair of overalls. I learned from sad experience that it is as hard for a chap in good clothes to get a roustabout job of some sort as it is for a chap in overalls to land a bank place.

I'm in the money now, but I have a pair of overalls and a khaki suit in my trunk right this minute—and the ticket for my diamond.

Most of the Things People Fear Never Existed.

BY A. H. HARRIS.

FEARS of injury and even death from snake bite, terror occasioned by dangerous imaginary and unseen, keep many nervous people from living on the land. One of the greatest drawbacks to life in the country is fear, a senseless, unidentified fear, which has come down from generations and conditions little understood today. Superstition is one of the strongest elements in the mind-life of romantic peoples, and the plague of fear which always accompanies superstition is a tremendously effective factor in keeping people huddled in apartment-houses, crowded into towns and cities. And the cost of living soars and soars.

Groundless fear is found everywhere. Men laugh at women because of nervousness and then refuse to cross a pasture for fear of snakes or a sleepy bull. Women refuse to go beyond reach of the telephone on account of robbers, which exist nowadays largely in the feverish imagination.

Snake and insect poisoning terrorize millions of well-meaning men and women, when danger from falling while running the lawn mower is much more real. Fear seems to become an obsession, and the word "deadly" creeps into conversation at every verse end. The rattlesnake is "deadly." The copperhead and moccasin are "deadly." So is the wholly mythical puff adder. In hardly less degree is the tarantula "deadly,"

while varying lethal capacities are ascribed to the centipede, the scorpion, the kissing bug and sundry other forms of insect life. Pseudo-science to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no living thing within the boundaries of the United States of America whose bite or sting is sure death or (with one possible exception) even probable death.

There are five varieties of venomous serpents in the country, three of them Crotalids and two belonging to the Elaps family. The Elaps are rare. The Crotalids (rattlesnake, moccasin and copperhead) are common, and of the widest geographical distribution. Yet, on the basis of actual evidence, the amazing fact stands out that only about eighty persons, so far as is ascertainable, have ever died from snake bite in the United States. Nowhere in the Civil War records does a death from this cause appear, though hundreds of thousands of men were living "on the country," and at a time when the serpent clan was much more numerous than it is now.

Be it remembered that death following snake bite is not necessarily the same thing as death from snake bite. Error in treatment plays no small part in vitiating the statistics. For "error" read "whisky." Whoever is primarily responsible for the hoary superstition that liquor in huge doses is useful in snake poisoning has many a

life to answer for. A whole bottle of raw whisky forced down the throat of a man unaccustomed to alcohol is pretty likely to kill him and is absolutely certain to cause grave poisoning.

Fully as much terror attaches, in the country districts, to the puff adder or sand viper as to the rattlesnake or copperhead. This is a suggestive bit of superstition, since there's no such thing as an adder or viper on the western hemisphere, and never has been one, unless it came carefully pickled in a jar. What passes for the supposedly deadly reptile is the common hog-nosed or bull snake. It is about as dangerous as an infuriated rabbit. But it puts up one of the best "bluffs" known to natural history.

Diseased imagination could invent no creature more horrific of appearance than the tarantula. Its bristling and hostile aspect, the swift ferocity of its rush, its great size and its enthusiastic preference for combat as against flight are sufficient to account for the fear and respect in which it is generally held. But, though several species of the huge spider are native in the United States, and others frequently drop out of banana bunches from South or Central America, to the discomfiture of the unsuspecting grocer, no authentic instance of death from tarantula poison in this country is obtainable.

In some sections of the country the spider

hysteria prevails. People shiver every time they see a spider. Yet, in all the United States, there is known but one poisonous spider. Strangely enough, the one dangerous spider on the American continent is small, obscure and practically unknown. *Lathropia mactans* is its scientific name. It is about the size of a large pea, black with a red spot on the back—a useful disguise in and around woodpiles. But few specimens have ever been identified in this country.

The only insect which really kills is the mosquito, yet less fear is expressed about its activities than about any other pest carrying insect or snake. Compared with the mosquito as a real menace, all the combined brood of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas and other pet bogymen of our childish romanticism are utterly negligible; are as figments to reality, as shadows to substance.

A clear understanding of these pests and superstitions would aid greatly in giving assurance of safety to the man or woman who would till the soil, who would work in the open fields, who would live in the country.

[Froth:] First Stude: Is your coed denominational?

Second Stude: Nope; it's co-educational.

A Plea for Table Poultry.

BY MANY poultry meat is re-

Bluxury rather than as a staple. We are essentially a race of ton and pork eaters, fowl and secondary consideration. In this it may be not out of place to call the nutritive value of poultry in with other meats. According to carried out at the Storrs (Connecticut) Experiment Station some years ago nutritive value can be bought in the same amount of money than other animal foods; that eggs at dozen are as cheap as mutton or cents a pound, that the housewife buy a good poultry carcass at price at which she pays for choice beef is not wasting money. Poultry meat at current rates is cheaper. Poultrymen can well afford their own fowl rather than buy at average prices.

Mr. P. L. Simmonds in his excellent "Animal Food Resources" says much can be said in the praise of meat in the United States. "Poultry are badly grown." That indictment shall have to admit. With here an exception, the average fowl set represents the undesirable of the Pacific Coast have given attention to the meat breeds, much we fattened up our market poultry as to. Our sole ambition has been to get market specimens being a quantity. With food preparedness conditions prevailing for any considerable length of time, it is hardly possible development in table poultry will be pronounced. Sure it is, that poultry has never been a prominent of our landscape, much less so in the place. It is our opinion that breeds are destined to become popular; with good poultry meat available of cooking and serving will also be proved. There is no meat that is widely produced, nor one that can be harvested than that of matured and grown table poultry. As a matter every backlotter can grow his own fowl and hen fruit. Why not do it?

A Good Beginning.

During the eighteen weeks covered report submitted to the Board of the Poultry Producers of Central and the organization handled 98,900 of eggs from January 29 to June 2, of \$20,499.92 for operating and an average of \$31,033.47 for cases, fillers and This makes the operating cost 3071 cents, while the fillers and cases averaged 3128 cents per case, putting the handling cost per case at 5199 cents income during the period in question \$60,264.53, with operating expenses supplies costing \$51,533.39. The profit is \$8731.14.

Perfecting Poultry Economics.

Possibly no country has given the of increased food production and condition more attention than Great Britain essentially a manufacturing country most of her food products are imported agriculture producing but a small portion what she daily consumes. To conserve grain for human food has tended to its use as food for live stock. In this the government has gone so far as to interfere with the free feeding of grain to poultry, particularly wheat. This has forced poultrymen to eliminate this grain in sort to other sources of feeding stuffs. A consensus of opinion among British poultrymen is to pronounce for increased production rather than increased import. As a means to such an end the Utilitarian Club advocates as great a reduction in grain as is consistent with good feeding. Hence it recommends for the morning milling offal, with the addition of a concentrated food such as horse flesh, cut bone, fish meal, or concentrated meat the midday, or "scratch" feed, should be at the rate of two to three ounces per hen of a mixture of the following: finely kibbled maize (chick maize), maize chips, dari screenings, and seed. The reduced quantity of grain

A JOB

of supply and demand, which will transportation to the unemployed to where there is work for them. I be like a clearinghouse. There branches in the big cities and coun- they will make reports on the needs communities, and the surplus labor

angeles needs structural steel work- say. In Philadelphia there are out of work. They haven't the come to Los Angeles. All right, au sees that they get here.

ions keep more people out of work one else. Even a union man, com- another community, is liable to death while waiting for the red be untied. In San Francisco espe- saw a lot of really capable and ex- men turned down at the command ions when there was plenty of work one and men who could do it were However, that's another story.

g idea is this. If you can't land a ur own line, don't be afraid to go ething else. Lots of the places think you could never fill, turn out h easier than what you are already with.

o give you confidence, here's an- g. Always bear in mind that the ey can do is fire you, and in that east you are no worse off than you ere.

oling around, whenever I got up I always looked around for some- required a lot of help.

ample, in certain seasons there is esting in the Middle West. Corn, ts and rye, but especially wheat is ed for a job and you don't need . In California there are the or- the beans.

o south for a job for colored labor acked off the map and in profes- the country is too poor and too support hardly anyone except the es.

al vital thing about job getting is to go where the openings are. If ble buy a diamond ring worth that if you need to get from Fri- York you can pawn the ring and ain.

thing, try always to have a suit of es and a pair of overalls. I found experience that it is as hard for a od clothes to get a roustabout job as it for a chap in overalls to k place.

ne money now, but I have a pair e and a khaki suit in my trunk minute—and the ticket for my

xisted.

evalls. People shiver every time a spider. Yet, in all the United ere is known but one poisonous angely enough, the one dangerous the American continent is small, d practically unknown. Latrodect- is its scientific name. It is size of a large pea, black with a n the back—a useful danger sig- pines a small web in outhouses, woodpiles. But few specimens been identified in this country.

et insect which really kills is the et less fear is expressed about s than about any other poison- ect or snake. Compared with e as a real menace, all the ood of snakes, scorpions, cent- ulars and other pet bugaboes of e romanticism are utterly negl- gments to reality, as shadow

understanding of these popular perations would aid greatly in rance of safety to the man or e would till the soil, who would e open fields, who would live in

First Studio: Is your college nant? ade: Nope; it's co-educational.

July 28, 1917.]

Pictures of the Day

Even the Chickens Have to Scratch for a Living.

A PLEA FOR BETTER POULTRY MEAT.

Changing Conditions. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

A Plea for Table Poultry.

BY MANY poultry meat is regarded as a luxury rather than as a standard food. We are essentially a race of beef, mutton and pork eaters, fowl and fish being a secondary consideration. In this connection it may be not out of place to call attention to the nutritive value of poultry in comparison with other meats. According to experiments carried out at the Storrs (Conn.) Experiment Station some years ago, a larger nutritive value can be bought in poultry for the same amount of money than in most other animal foods; that eggs at 24 cents a dozen are as cheap as mutton or fowl at 20 cents a pound, that the housewife who can buy a good poultry carcass at the same price at which she pays for choice cuts of beef is not wasting money. With bacon soaring at from 45 to 60 cents per pound, poultry meat at current rates is decidedly cheaper. Poultrymen can well afford to eat their own fowl rather than buy other meats at average prices.

Mr. P. L. Simmonds in his excellent work on "Animal Food Resources" says that "Not much can be said in the praise of poultry meat in the United States . . . the fowls are badly grown." That indictment we shall have to admit. With here and there an exception, the average fowl sent to market represents the undesirable of the flock. We of the Pacific Coast have given but little attention to the meat breeds, much less have we fattened up our market poultry as it should be. Our sole ambition has been egg-production, market specimens being a negligible quantity. With food preparedness and war conditions prevailing for any considerable length of time, it is hardly possible that development in table poultry will be more pronounced. Sure it is, that good table poultry has never been a prominent feature of our landscape, much less so in the market place. It is our opinion that the meat breeds are destined to become more popular; with good poultry meat available methods of cooking and serving will also be improved. There is no meat that can be so widely produced, nor one that can be quicker harvested than that of matured and properly grown table poultry. As a matter of fact every backlotter can grow his own table fowl and hen fruit. Why not do it?

A Good Beginning.

During the eighteen weeks covered by a report submitted to the Board of Directors of the Poultry Producers of Central California, the organization handled 98,998 cases of eggs from January 29 to June 2, at a cost of \$20,499.92 for operating and an expenditure of \$31,033.47 for cases, fillers and so on. This makes the operating cost per case 2071 cents, while the fillers and cases averaged 3128 cents per case, putting the total handling cost per case at 5199 cents. The income during the period in question was \$40,264.53, with operating expenses and supplies costing \$51,533.39. The resultant profit is \$6731.14.

Perfecting Poultry Economics.

Possibly no country has given the matter of increased food production and conservation more attention than Great Britain. Being essentially a manufacturing country most of her food products are imported, her agriculture producing but a small portion of what she daily consumes. To conserve her grain for human food has tended to lessen its use as food for live stock. In this regard the government has gone so far as to interfere with the free feeding of grain to poultry, particularly wheat. This has forced the poultrymen to eliminate this grain and resort to other sources of feeding stuffs. The consensus of opinion among British poultrymen is to pronounce for increased local production rather than increased importations. As a means to such an end the Utility Poultry Club advocates as great a reduction in grain as is consistent with good feeding. Hence it recommends for the morning feed mulling offal, with the addition of a concentrated food such as horse flesh, cut green bone, fish meal, or concentrated meat meal; the midday, or "scratch" feed, should be fed at the rate of two to three ounces per four hens of a mixture of the following grains: Finely kibbled maize (chick maize or maize chips,) dahl screenings, and canary seed. The reduced quantity of grain food

would necessitate an increase in the depth of the litter, in order to produce the necessary amount of exercise. The evening meal should be of dry mash, again of mulling offals, to which should be added alfalfa meal. Damaged oats should be fed after sprouting. Under such a system the grain consumption would be reduced 50 to 75 per cent. To this we would of course add a liberal feeding of green stuff, preferably at midday. These conclusions are not without interest to poultry breeders everywhere, as affording suggestions for a change of ration calculated to reduce costs and at the same time maintain efficiency.

The Belgian Hare and the H. C. of L.

We have been so much in the habit of writing about feathered bipeds that we feel a reference to the smaller quadrupeds may not be out of place as a means of reducing the high cost of living. Among the smaller of our domesticated animals, the Belgian hare lends itself to propagation in small quarters and yields a palatable and nutritious carcass for a family dinner. Equipment can be simple, consisting of cheaply constructed hutches, while the feeding ration is wholly vegetable, consisting of green stuff, grains (oats, wheat, corn) and ground feed made into a mash, and plenty of pure water.

As with poultry, wholesome feeding, clean quarters and good sanitation are the factors that stand for success. Overfeeding the young stock should be avoided; air-slaked lime sprinkled over wet places is purifying and a prevention against snuffles; hutches should be cleaned not less than once a week; bread and milk once a day is a good feed for the young; pens should be rat and cat proof.

Older readers of the Times Illustrated Magazine will recall the Belgian hare boom of the nineties. At that time the writer of these lines laid down the proposition that as an article of food a prime Belgian hare was worth, dressed, about 75 cents, and the pelt from 10 to 15 cents. For this statement he nearly lost his life; but subsequent events have proven the correctness of that opinion. We doubt if it is any more at this time. There is a somewhat limited demand for Belgian hare or rabbit meat, hence to go into their production on a commercial scale is not without some hazard; but as a source of meat for the family table, their culture can be recommended to people who have the necessary ground and sufficient gumption to care for them intelligently.

The Riverside Poultry Show.

Among the first poultry and pet stock exhibitions of the season to be held in Southern California, the Riverside show (held in conjunction with the county fair) is easily the most important. It makes a strong appeal to poultry breeders and fanciers because the Riverside Fair usually enjoys a large attendance, which in turn results in sales of breeding stock, and day-old chicks. The dates are October 7 to 13, 1917.

Owing to prevailing high cost of feed, coupled with the fact that many breeders have reduced their flocks while others have sold out, a rumor gained some circulation that there would be no poultry show at Riverside this year. Quite to the contrary, the show will not only be given as usual, but in addition to chickens there will be an exhibit of pigeons and rabbits, all of which will carry suitable awards calculated to bring out strong entries. As usual, E. S. Hammond will act as superintendent, which of itself insures success. Premium lists and full particulars are to be had of the Secretary of the Riverside County Fair, Riverside, Cal.

Concerning Broody Hens.

When a hen becomes broody she is simply giving expression to her natural propensity to perpetuate the species—in other words, she will to breed. In the breeds classed as non-sitters this is apt to cover a period of some duration; with the sitting breeds it is apt to consist of several shorter periods. Usually where eggs are the dominant factor, the poultryman does not take kindly to broodiness in his hens; his first consideration invariably is to "break it up" and so restore normal laying in his flock. To accomplish this varied methods are resorted to, some of which are not only cruel but

barbarous, such as sousing the gully one in a tub of water, or tying her to a stake by one leg. A broody hen should always be well fed and cared for, and in most cases normal conditions can be restored without resort to violent methods. One way is to place several broody hens in a pen by themselves with a vigorous and pugnacious cockerel, in whose presence they will have no opportunity to sit, and so soon forget the desire. This need not occupy more than three or four days, or at best a week, when they can be put back with their mates. Another method is to place the broody hen in a slatted coop with a slatted bottom. Place this above the floor or ground by resting on four wooden blocks or bricks. This allows the free circulation of air on all sides of the bird, gives a comfortable place to stand or sit, but is absolutely devoid of even the suggestion of a nest. This environment soon lessens the fever of broodiness, and that, too, without serious hardship.

Poultry Yard Notes.

Short and stocky legged breeds, like the Dorking, Sussex, Cornish, etc., usually furnish the plumpest carcass.

The American and Asiatic classes lay a brown egg; the English a slightly tinted egg; and the Mediterraneans a white shelled egg.

Avoid musty grain in chick feeds, as it is inimical to robust growth and may lead to serious trouble. Tainted crushed grain has a bluish cast and smells musty.

Barley being a hard grain to digest many breeders soak it before feeding to the hens. It is a good bone and muscle food.

To My Poultry Friends

I am now located at the main office, 6th and Alameda Sts. Would be pleased to have my poultry friends and customers call and see our full line, or call me on phone, where their orders will receive my personal attention. Trusting to see or hear from you, I am yours faithfully,
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Husband—Sh
My Women O

WIDE RANGE MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Branton.

the farmer that scientific agriculture is a practical art than practical field work. Experimenters and exponents of science should be producers and freely assist them. They may even render a service by saving farmers from well-meant but poorly advised attempts made by others. This is no time for experiment, but for collaboration and practical use of experimental data.

growers and others who find their under their existing conditions. Use of the cover crops advantageously. One able to use them in another way. Other way proposed, which has been more valuable and often quite practical to grow the cover crops as long as they will allow and then cut them and heap them at some point where they can be easily applied to the heap. Each succeeding layer of six to ten inches of hay, or three to four inches if run through a cutter on long ear, earth is spread to the depth of a inch, and the whole heap is covered with some of the dried straw to preserve the moisture. The heap should be wet down and kept wet. This is a heap of rich manure, which gives positive and better results than plowing the crop, as the whole is digested and used to be even superior to stable

from goats costs more to produce. Goat's milk if sanitation is observed. Handling of the herds and the milk. Difference in cost is variously estimated. But data systematically kept from careful experiments carried over show that goat's milk costs about as much to produce as Jersey milk. Goat's milk has a value of first place in feeding children, though babies do not put it in the first place. Tests at homes with and without physicians seem overwhelmingly of the goat's milk for very young babies refused it. This is not due to taste, for it has been shown that strong taste commonly supposed goat's milk is due to carelessness in milking and uncleanness of the udder of the goat. The goat's milk is fat than cow's or mother's milk. Fat globules are smaller, yet this fat at the bottom of the children's turn when they get well and strong.

amb:] "While I was watching the some of my stock went up twenty you made a lot of money?" came out about even. You were at the milliner's at the same

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Garden Design.

The most important matter to consider in every garden is that of design. Until this is settled and accepted not a tree or shrub should be set, and if the design be good no planting, however skillfully done, can make an attractive garden. There should be complete harmony between art and utility. The garden should be natural in the use of plants and not dispose the latter as one would purely architectural objects, yet it should be a cultured nature that predominates, for the garden cannot look like a piece of wild nature.

One cannot imitate nature when using plants from every quarter of the globe, as we do in Southern California, and it requires some skill to make such material harmonize. A garden should be built for pleasure, and that means, in its final analysis, satisfaction to the owner. It should be beautiful, but its beauty controlled by use. It cannot be a plant museum if we are to live in it and be comfortable. Trees for shade and shelter, yet may be beautiful without detracting from their usefulness, and the same may be said of structures reared by man; they may, and should be, both useful and beautiful. Plan and plant for both pleasure and comfort and your garden cannot altogether fail of success.

The Grand Parks.

Last week it was the writer's privilege and pleasure to visit two fine parks that are noted for being useful above any other in Southern California, and it may here be fittingly remarked that parks should be for all the people, and so administered that they yield the greatest good to the greatest number possible. They cannot be kept to one class, as in the case of a private garden. The first park visited was Ganesha at Pomona, where all the people in that valley gather at odd times for recreation, rest and play. In this respect it is not a city park, but for the whole countryside for many miles in every direction. Its lower levels are uniformly covered with grand old sycamores, forming natural picnic grounds not equaled by those of any park in Los Angeles. Aside from these and many other natural attractions, there has been instituted a splendid swimming pool and sand-piles for children and a Greek theater that is the pride of the whole countryside, a decided credit and a valuable attraction and asset to Pomona. The only discordant note is the complaint that all classes of vegetation are suffering for lack of an adequate water supply, and unless the situation is relieved the city will suffer both a physical loss and one of reputation. Get busy at once, city dads of Pomona.

No less attractive and useful, but of another class, both in topography and native vegetation, is Fairmount Park at Riverside. Here the sycamores are replaced by city, widespread cottonwoods, whose grateful shade provides cool retreats for those who seek comfort during the hot days of summer, and the park is much frequented by the young folks of both sexes. Right as we run off the right of way and re-enter the park, we run off the right of way and re-enter the park. He sighed and she sighed, then they both sighed, side by side, down at Riverside. But they sighed not for the heat of the day, as the swimming pool in Fairmount Park was voted by three admiring visitors as the best artificial bathing resort in Southern California. Even at the deepest water point one may look down through eight feet of water so clear that the common pin lying on the bottom could easily be seen than if the pool were emptied. Riverside has just cause to feel proud of both park and pool.

Close to Name.

One out of every ten lawsuits over delicious fruit trees are brought on the allegation that the trees were not true to name. Less trouble is experienced with ornamentals, though the writer has received in one season, from a much-advertised Long Island grower, a half-dozen sorts of gladiolus bulbs not of the varieties they



TIPUANA SPECIOSA, A RARE TREE.

were claimed to be. At the recent ninth annual meet of the American Sweet Pea Society at Boston several prominent growers charged that seeds of sweet peas from a California grower did not show more than 25 per cent. true to name. Right there this grower lost a small fortune. Such methods in business will not win in these days. Any disappointed customer of prominence may cost a careless or dishonest dealer many thousands of dollars without a suit at law.

Popular Flowers.

Two flowers, always popular, are making rapid gains in the public favor and each year the demand is for more and better sorts. These are the iris and gladiolus. Never have either been so popular as now, not alone in the United States but over all of Europe where flowers are now grown. Never has the standard for these flowers been so high as at present, and California growers stand as high as any. But a few days ago the writer saw a large stock of unnamed seedling gladioli that he believes will some day create a sensation in commercial circles and probably in quality are second to none in the world.

A Rare Brazilian Tree.

Tipuana speciosa is a rare tree from South America that is also a strange tree in that it belongs to the legume or bean family, yet in the eyes of the layman the pod is but a samar or key fruit, very similar in appearance to those of ash and maple. The flowers are yellow, closely resembling those of the cassias, to which the tipuana is related. Specimens at Hollywood have grown rapidly and flowered abundantly.

New Plant Varieties.

Eastern trade papers are at present advising commercial growers to plant the Godfrey calla and the Cincinnati begonia. Such advice is ever equally good for the layman. We have no shortage of good begonias in the local field, but the common calla has been on the wane, in every way, in California, for several years. We have never paid any attention to improvement but eastern dealers state that the Godfrey calla is superior to all others for general purposes.

Flowers for Insect Powders.

Now that ants are each year becoming a more serious pest in the household, and the European war has interfered with manufac-

ture of ant powder, Americans may find profit in growing more flowers for this industry. Near Stockton, for more than a quarter-century, large fields have been planted to chrysanthemum coccineum, and the resultant powder has been marketed for the most part under the name of buhach. This flower is also grown in France and elsewhere for the same purpose and it is likewise quite a favorite in gardens as an ornamental. Its trade name often is Pyrethrum roseum. Daltion powder is from a closely allied species, C. cinerariaefolium.

A New Bean.

The claim is made that a new bean, called the Madagascar, is just the proper thing for California for both food and ornament. Flowers and foliage are showy, the mature pod is so large as to be a striking character and the crop is large and delicious to eat. All this is claimed by a California writer whose statements have for many years been freely criticised. Caution is therefore advised in planting the Madagascar bean.

Transplanting Large Trees.

While formerly large deciduous trees in the colder States were moved during winter, when dormant, and with a large ball of frozen earth, the later and present practice is to transplant them in midsummer, when in full leaf and vigor. Such have been successfully transplanted (mostly oaks and elms) when 20 years of age, thirty feet high, and eight inches in trunk diameter. Will the scheme work as well in California as elsewhere? Those who should know say yes.

Garden Notes of Interest.

Lilium giganteum for planting in partial shade is one that is rapidly growing in popular favor. California is behind all the rest of the world in growing lilies and we should have a thousand where we now grow but one. They will thrive in California and may be had in nearly all colors and shades except blues.

In the large plant nurseries of the country one may purchase nearly or quite a score of distinct species of spiraea (or bridal wreaths) and not all have white blooms, nor are all alike in form or size and form of flower and foliage. A collection of many sorts would attract much attention and admiration, albeit they are deciduous and therefore but skeletons during wintry months.

Soil proper is but a few inches thick, in general, but with the subsoil may be many

feet and in considering tree planting all is soil that roots may permeate. The main object of the planter is to make it all available or permeable. That it pays to dynamite deeply nearly all soils is now admitted. All is yours that you may reach. But having once dynamited, do not allow soil to recement. Wash something down that will hold it open.

Solidago is not a heavyweight Italian but just common goldenrod, of which there are many species. Three of them grow in or about Los Angeles and under cultivation are nearly as beautiful as the best ornamental species. Though nearly all are yellow, the range is from nearly white to orange. Goldenrod has been much advocated for our national floral emblem, but it is a trashy, weedy plant of little character.

The common calla seems to have lost favor in California, doubtless for the reason that in its heyday we grew it in vast fields. But if one were to gather all the callas and their close relatives together, while people would not closely gather about them because of the offensive smell, the collection would attract plant lovers as well as flies, for it is at once a wonderful and odoriferous family of strange and beautiful forms and colors.

Those who do not like the spines and prickles of cacti, yet who fancy fleshy or succulent plants, may find much pleasure in collecting all the species of "hen-and-chickens" belonging to dudleya, cotyledon, echeveria and sempervivum. The family is an interesting one as to form, but none are grown for flowers alone.

Now that all gardening is declared to be useless unless of economic plants why not plant masses of the luscious but caustic rhubarb? We plant gunneras and aralias for ornament, yet neither is so beautiful in leaf as rhubarb, nor has either such beautiful coloring of leaf and leaf-stalk. Give plenty of water, some shade, and a mighty lot of sugar when you cook it and you may get much pleasure and profit from your foliage garden.

The raffia of gardeners, with which they tie plants, is made from palm leaves and is a pure Malagasy name from Madagascar, where the palm is native and the supply is practically inexhaustible. Though light in weight the total tonnage of the exports is astonishing. Madagascar has no competition in production of raffia.

A Winter Robin.

A winter robin with a song!
Perhaps he loafed around too long
Into the hours of autumn frost,
And feared he might in storms be lost.
At any rate, with note so true
He sings at morn when skies are blue,
And patiently awaits till spring
Shall bring his friends to help him sing.

Somewhere, among the shadows gray
That hover o'er the grain and hay,
No doubt he leads a hermit life,
Securely fed and free from strife.
A hint is present in his songs
Of how for the outdoors he longs,
Where 'mongst his kind he'd love and
fight,
And join them in the season's flight.

Yet bravely he keeps up the show
Amid the bluster and the snow,
And never once suspects the cheer
That thrills our hearts as he draws near.
It is his joyous gift to be
Still singing in adversity,
All-confident that time will bring
Once more the sunshine and the spring.
—[Washington Star.]

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CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

Real Life by the Great Western Sea. In Paragraphs.

THE County Assessor of Tulare county says the value of property in that county increased nearly \$2,000,000 during the past year. The total assessment value of non-operative property in the county is \$38,230,330.

Holtville (Imperial Valley) is happy in completion of a storing reservoir of 1,000,000 gallons capacity.

Riverside has sold \$50,000 worth of school bonds drawing 5 per cent., at a premium of \$975.

In Tulare county 100 boys of the Y.M.C.A. are mobilized to harvest the deciduous fruit crop around Dinuba.

Harper is to have a new cannery, made necessary by the increased production of small fruits in the vicinity.

The water superintendent of Santa Ana states that the city has spare water enough to irrigate 100 acres inside the city limits for war garden purposes.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has taken time by the forelock, urging every one in the district to plant freely a crop of fall potatoes. The chamber proclaims that there will be a great demand for potatoes from all over the country during the winter, and the price is sure to be good.

The Southern California Edison Company of Los Angeles is asking permission from the State Railroad Commission to sell \$10,000,000 two-year 6 per cent. bonds.

In the Pomona Valley the canneries are busy packing apricots. Two canneries are putting up about sixty tons a day. Nearly 400 women and girls are making good wages in cutting apricots.

A contract for the manual training building for the Ojai High School has been let to C. S. White of Oxnard. This replaces the one destroyed by the fire. The old building was the gift of E. D. Libby, the cut-glass millionaire. He will also put up the new building.

The Pinal Dome Oil Company has brought in two new wells near San Luis Obispo.

There is still talk of erecting a large potash factory at Santa Barbara for the United States government. With the potash will be produced iodine made from kelp. The potash is to be used for the United States Army.

The total resources of the State banks in California at the close of business on June 20 were \$929,224,088, a gain of \$14,344,000 since March 5.

Klaw & Erlanger, the great impresarios of America, have worked out a plan in detail to give the Pacific Coast the best theatrical representations in the country during the coming winter. The Mason Opera-house in Los Angeles is to be one of their chain of houses. Nothing can be too good for the Coast, and California cities always support good plays well.

A man named Draper at Westminster (Orange county) is reported to have invented a combined harvester and thresher to take care of the bean crop of the district. With twelve men this machine will do the work of thirty-five men.

The State Railroad Commission has authorized the Kings Lake Shore Railroad Company to mortgage its property for \$500,000. Ten miles of the twenty-one miles have been finished from Corcoran through the grain, sugar beet and alfalfa country.

The Atascadero Beach Land and Improvement Company has filed at San Luis Obispo a trust deed securing a loan of \$500,000 for the purpose of improving and developing a tract of more than 800 acres near Morro.

At Wintersburg, in Orange county, a new sugar factory is contemplated. There have been signed up for next year nearly 3000 acres of land. This is to be strictly a co-operative concern, run by the growers. Orange county has already more beet sugar

factories than any other county in the United States. This will be the sixth factory in the county, three being controlled by the Holly Sugar Company.

An announcement from San Francisco declares that the Federal government contemplates the construction of a factory somewhere in California for the manufacture of ammonia to be used in making nitric acid for explosives.

In Pomona Valley, when the apricots are canned, the canneries are to turn to other things. The government has requisitioned 720,000 cans of tomatoes from that district.

The other day in Los Angeles members of the Seventh California Infantry received \$14,700 in gold and silver coin. They had been getting \$15 a month, but now get \$30, extending as high as \$80 for enlisted men.

The California Southern Realty Company signed papers the other day at Riverside by which it acquired 3000 acres of land at Blythe for a consideration of \$250,000. The purpose is to clear the whole property and plant it all to cotton, beans and other crops.

Pasadena is doing its share of providing food for war purposes. A local factory put up fifty tons of apricots a day for a week, making 50,000 cans a day, one-third to go to the government. The plant gives employment to 320 persons, all but sixty of them women.

About the middle of July Mark Rose returned to El Centro from Washington, bringing the contract for the development of the East Mesa by an all-American canal. The Secretary of the Interior gives assurance that even if it costs \$10,000,000 he will pronounce it a feasible project.

Assessor E. W. Hopkins of Los Angeles county announces that the total assessed valuation of all property in the county, including the city, amounts to \$1,007,024,391, an increase over the previous year of \$15,645,600. This includes all real estate, stocks of railroads, and all other property in the county. Cook county, with Chicago, is the only western community that approaches this figure.

West Seventh street, Los Angeles city, is still in the limelight with improvements. Mrs. Mary C. Young plans to begin at once the erection of a great hotel on the south side of Seventh street, running all the way from Figueroa to Flower street. She has acquired the ownership of the opposite corner of Figueroa and Seventh, improved with the Hinman apartments. As soon as the leases on this property have expired it will be improved with a great building, stores below and offices above.

Increased production and higher prices will bring the value of California crops this year to more than \$100,000,000, compared with \$47,000,000 last year. The increased output represents \$20,000,000 worth of this, and higher prices the rest of it. These figures do not include the citrus crop at all.

Kern county farmers marketed a bumper crop of spring potatoes, the revenue from which will be more than \$150,000. It took 175 railroad cars to carry the crop to market.

From Northern Mexico comes the unexpected announcement that matches are exceedingly scarce. The palanos light as many cigarettes as possible with one match. We would have thought that Villa could match the devil down there.

The valuation of mines in Arizona for the purpose of taxation aggregates \$330,631,994, compared with \$171,888,616 for the previous year.

Venturans have subscribed more than \$20,000 for a new bath-house, plunge and pavilion.

During the first six months of 1917, 72,000 tons of magnesite were produced near Porterville, of an approximate value of \$1,900,000. This is an increase of 210 per cent. over the same period last year. The production during the summer months is

running to \$160,000 per month. Seven hundred men are constantly employed in the industry.

Grain yields in Tulare county near Porterville are breaking all records. One man from a tract of 220 acres, near Ducor, raised grain which netted him \$16,000. Some of the land yielded thirty sacks an acre, and sold delivered at the railroad for \$4.91 a sack. A sack is about two bushels.

E. L. Doheny of Los Angeles is reported to have purchased 3000 acres of land near the Santa Susana Pass from the Patterson Ranch Company for \$250,000. It is proposed to develop oil.

At Glendale (Ariz.) the Pacific Creamery Company contemplates the erection of a condensed milk factory with a capacity of 1500 cases of milk a day.

The Southern Pacific, Salt Lake and Pacific Electric roads have a plan to eliminate grade crossings in Los Angeles by the erection of a joint depot at the Arcade station. The estimated cost will be \$2,450,000.

The First National Bank of Porterville bought the first \$1,000,000 worth of road bonds offered by Tulare county, and has also bought the second lot of \$300,000 at a premium of \$4750.

August 11 is set for the opening of the campaign of the Oxnard factory of the American Beet Sugar Company. The China factory will begin August 4.

Property in the city of Los Angeles is valued for taxation purposes at \$484,433,460.

The rice crop of the State of California for the present year is set at 5,180,000 bushels, or about two-thirds more than last year.

Phil M. Keith, hotel owner and mining man of Mexico City, is considering the establishment of a big summer hotel on the Coronado Islands in the Pacific, sixteen miles west of Coronado. The company will be capitalized for \$500,000.

Newport Beach has let a contract for the construction of a jetty to the Ledbetter Construction Company of Los Angeles at \$125,000.

A tract of 640 acres just west of the town of Westmoreland has been sold by a company of Los Angeles men for \$80,000. The buyer is W. D. Coberly of Hollywood.

The State Board of Horticulture announces prospects excellent in California for a bumper crop of grapes. Reports from all parts of the State represent the crop as being 90 to 120 per cent. of an average production.

The assessed value of property in Fresno county has increased during the year \$7,500,000. The total assessment is \$95,042,064.

Los Angeles is to have a Turkish bath establishment for women, situated at the southeast corner of Sixteenth and Flower streets, to cost \$20,000.

The California Pear Growers' Association at a meeting at Martinez kicked vigorously at the price set by Food Commissioner Hoover. They say then can sell their pears for \$50 a ton.

The discovery of a flow of natural gas in a well six miles southwest of Angiola in the Alpaugh district in the San Joaquin Valley indicates that the gas belt is much wider than had been supposed. The well is 2300 feet deep.

L. T. Mayo, a Los Angeles contractor, is erecting three large flat buildings on West Seventh street near Vermont avenue at a cost of \$50,000.

A company with headquarters at Seattle has the contract to furnish 1000 masts and booms for wooden ships during the next six months.

The Pomona Chamber of Commerce estimates that the orange crop of the district

for the current season will bring a return to the growers of more than \$4,000,000, is about \$1,500,000 more than ever before for a previous crop.

The wheat crop of the State of California for the current year is estimated to be \$12,000,000, compared with \$5,000,000 a year. But barley, with an estimated production of 38,000,000 bushels, is calculated bringing back \$50,000,000 to the growers.

The Rev. George B. Doyle, the priest who ministers to a number of the reservations, with headquarters at Pala, is very active planning better road facilities from Pala north to the Riverside line. The Supervisors of the county have let a contract for two and a half miles of road for \$29,779.

The Board of Education at Riverside is earnestly considering the establishment of a course in military science and preparing the Boys' Polytechnic High School.

Up around Bishop in Inyo county, activity is reported in the tungsten mines. Not less than 200 veins are being worked there. Shipments are going out at the rate of twenty tons a day, the ore being hauled by freight wagons twenty-six miles to the railroad at Keeler.

The city of Redondo Beach has a bond issue of \$300,000 to construct a locked harbor there.

Exports from the local district around Angeles for June were valued at \$1,000,000 more than 100 per cent. increase over year.

P. W. Croake, a local real estate man, reports the sale of a lot 100x125 ft. on Benton boulevard, just north of Sunset, for \$20,500. The site faces Sunset Park, and is to be used for the erection of a great apartment-house.

The Supervisors have adopted specifications for fourteen miles of road between Lancaster and Redman in the Tehachas Valley. The road is to be the expense of ranchmen and property owners in the valley. The estimated cost of \$140,000 is to be assessed against the acres.

Flats are popular in Los Angeles. Three buildings of this kind are being built up at Menlo avenue and Forty-second street, another twenty-two-room flat at 118th and 120th streets, and a third at 121st and 122nd streets. Plans are being prepared for a ten-room flat to go on Third street and Vermont.

In a short time oil will be coming from the Olinde and Fullerton fields in the gundo at the rate of 30,000 barrels a day when the new ten-inch pipe line is completed.

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During the summer session of the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles a course in army engineering and construction is offered.

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THE HUN

Health Certificates.

IT LOOKS as if it were only a time when health certificates demanded of nearly all people, single freely among the crowds, or care employment almost in any line.

What Has Been Done in New York

As an example of what has been done in New York, the New York City Board of Health of the kind of certificates we here have spoken of, handlers of food, such as waiters, bakers, butchers, dishwashers and others, are required to pass a health examination (free) before they are appointed physicians on the board and they must show a clean bill of health before they can be employed.

There is, of course, nothing to be gained from going to any other place in the country to seek employment. But the city first has taken such a step that the world can not long remain unaware of the soundness of the policy is too obvious.

Marriage and Ancestry.

In no instance are health certificates of great importance as to people who are to be married. They should not guard themselves and their offspring against every kind of infection, but should also make sure that they in the union shall not transmit nervous and mental disorders. Feeble-mindedness, insanity, defects, mental and moral defects are only too often the heritage in families that also have produced some of the great minds.

The laws of these biological issues are now well recognized. They hold good in plants and animals. Flower breeding has developed amazingly since the scientist began to get in his work, and the breed of animals has been transformed. The "strains" are sought for in the generations, and by crossings and the best are strengthened and the undesirable ones are bred out.

But the human race still holds out against the biologist and heredity. Man is guided by "higher motives." It has been seemly to look for a mate that was well-born children.

The scientist demonstrates that the characteristics of the offspring depend upon the blending of "strains" in the ancestry, including the parents. The offspring is determined by the ancestors. It looks, therefore, as if it would be well to study the matter until we know the laws as well as the animal breeder does.

Much human misery, disease, poverty and other evils spring from preventable sources and the world has just begun to look for ways in which to amend them. Individual efforts do not make much impression; we have to look to the state and the nation to take up the cudgel.

The Tubercular Menace.

Besides the "carriers" there are the tubercular subjects.

Most tubercular patients know from experience the disease they suffer, and some of them take care not to expose others to the infection. The number, however, who do not know how to avoid that is a small minority and the world is woefully exposed to contagion. Mothers and others who have children under their care, often permit little ones to play in the arms of the carriers, their handkerchiefs, kiss them and every way to act as if they were not in constant danger.

The sputum is the most direct means of spreading the germs, and in a vague way this is known. Most people do not realize, however, that when a person speaks, a spray of sputum is always spattered around in the air, often two or three feet away from the lips. Millions of bacilli are in this spray, carried from person to person. There is no question but that each tubercular patient infects a number of people. The children in the schools, the workers in the factory offices, stores, sweatshops, if there be a tubercular subject among them, are all directly exposed to danger from him and from his products.

The prevalence of the disease is certain such that a call for a radical move against it is fair and timely.

The difficulty in curing the disease is primarily in getting the sick person sufficiently interested in his own cure so that

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Late Sixth U.S.V. Infantry, Pacific Beach, Cal.

MR. C. A. THURSTON, General Agent, in charge

Business Directory.

PART V.

Really News: Fact and Comment.

Financial: Markets.

PART VI.

Sports and Amusements.

[Saturday, July 28, 1917.]

Pictures of the Day

How to Keep Your Body
in Perfect Condition.

FLOWERS THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By M. S. W.

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The prevalence of the disease is certainly such that a call for a radical move against it is fair and timely.

The difficulty in curing the disease lies primarily in getting the sick person sufficiently interested in his own cure so that

he, for a couple of years, will live the life essential for the eradication of the disease and the upbuilding of his vitality. The disease attacks the young so easily that most of the patients are of an age that will not abstain from "the pleasures of life." But unless a strict regime is adhered to there is no hope of overcoming the infection. It is the half-hearted patient that gives tuberculosis the black eye. That it is curable is demonstrated all about us, and it should be the business of the community to put a stop to it. Of course a great number of the patients would have to be given free treatment in community hospitals or sanatoriums; that, however, would be a small cost compared with what our present conditions entail.

With a clean bill of health the cured ones can enter into the life of the community once more, no longer a danger to those around them, and again fitted for a useful, happy life.

There are many tubercular patients who are thoroughly and finally cured right at home by their private physicians. We do not mean to make any objection to this; but in order to get all under treatment until they are cured, and also to make this cure as quick as possible, all should be under obligation to get a health certificate from the health board; their private physician's certificate should at least be O.K.'d by the board.

Keep Out the Disease of a Whole City.

Some time ago, perhaps two years, there was announced in some eastern magazine that an association in New York was to inaugurate a novel experiment in the fight against tuberculosis. A town of about 30,000 inhabitants was to be selected, situated either in New York or Massachusetts. The entire sanitation of the city was to be left in the hands of the association's medical staff, that should have the power to supervise even the diet in private houses. If the plan has been carried out it will be interesting to hear of its progress. The work was to be financed by private means, and many good results should be looked for. But unless the fight against tuberculosis becomes national it is hard to see how it can be fully conquered.

In a time where the boards of health undertake so many excellent innovations, it should be possible to meet also this, the greatest drain of all upon the country.

It is still undecided whether the bovine tuberculosis causes the disease in the human body; but it is ever best to be on the guard against any danger, and it is at least certain that milk so infected is not fit for food.

Hay Fever—Behead the Ragweed.

The American Association for the Prevention of Hay Fever, with offices at No. 844 Audubon Building, New Orleans, La., is investigating the cause or causes of hay fever, and stands ready to co-operate with anybody who is interested in eradicating the weed (or weeds) the pollen of which at the present belief is the cause of the perennial appearance of the scourge. The ragweed is considered the chief offender, and the slogan is: "Behead the ragweed."

Hay fever is not a fatal disease; but it is as distressing as any. It would be well for every sufferer to join the association so as to help and be helped in eradicating the cause.

Disease Carriers.

There are numbers of people who are what is called "carriers" of disease, i. e., they have always the germs of typhoid, diphtheria, infantile paralysis or other communicable diseases in their systems in such numbers that they cause infection in people around them. They are not themselves sick, and they generally do not themselves know of the peculiar condition in which they are; but they do carry the infection to persons around them, and they are therefore a veritable menace to the health and life of the community.

Since these cases are curable under proper treatment it is only fair that the community demand them to secure such treatment. To the poor the cost should be supplied.

Veneral Diseases.

A public magazine is not the proper place for the discussion of these diseases. But much that has been said about tuberculosis is also applicable here. They are curable

and the world should demand laws and institutions that will put every individual under the obligation of getting cured and staying so. Health certificates should be rigidly required from them. If the world once gets its eye open to the fact that it must insist upon a cure in every case where an infectious disease is curable, that the poor should be treated free, that there is not and cannot be any advantage in being a menace to everybody around you, and that the insistence upon health where it can be secured is a far better policy than the sneaking around of individuals callous enough not to seek freedom from a foul disease—then we can look forward to much improvement in health throughout the nation.



The Water That Isn't Water

Are You Efficient?

Not to the degree you might be unless your kidneys are doing their work. Our ancestors walked and rode horse-back or in jolting vehicles. We live on "shock absorbers" and gradually but surely our "internal economies" are storing up the waste poisons which vigorous exercise should eliminate. We try by Turkish baths and Swedish massage to counteract this.

Listen! MERCEY WATER will do it, and not as medicine, but as a daily thirst satisfier. It acts as a scavenger and at the same time as a builder. While dissolving and flushing the accumulated poisons from the blood, it is supplying the salts that your impoverished blood needs.

Alcoholic poisoning—as well as the functional disorders of men and women—is quickly benefited by the free use of the marvelous Natural Spring Water.

It is not a laxative.

If your druggist does not have it, phone the

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510 MERRITT BUILDING
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"Pilot"

Lighting and Cooking Systems
Acknowledged superior to all others for country home.
Make your own gas.

Clean, Safe, Dependable
Makes the home attractive, a place to stay in not to get away from.
Sold and guaranteed by the largest manufacturers of acetylene appliances in the world.

Oxweld Acetylene Co.
New York—Chicago—Los Angeles
656 P. E. Bldg., Los Angeles

Free Testimonials From People of Experience Who Appreciate Glasses:

Mr. Joseph Cook, a prominent druggist on Downey Avenue, says: "I never knew what sight and comfort glasses could afford until I had Dr. C. C. Logan, leading oculist and optician, now at 341 South Spring Street, fit my eyes with his special ground-to-fit eye glasses. I hardly realize that I am wearing glasses."
Mr. Richard H. Ewatts, director of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Institute, New York City, says: "I have been fitted by the most celebrated oculists in the world but I never knew what sight and comfort eye glasses could afford until Dr. C. C. Logan of the Toric Optical Company, now at 341 South Spring Street, fitted my eyes with his new system of fitting eyes without the use of drops and in one examination."
Whether you need Toric Lenses or Kryptock Bifocals, we are prepared to measure and grind them correctly. Whether you pay \$2.50 for simple lenses or \$15.00 for the best and most expensive Kryptock or Toric Bifocals, you are assured of the lenses that will be the best for your eyes.—Adv.

No Need To Be Deaf!

Proof Being Given Daily at
THE SUN DRUG CO., Surgical Store,
759 South Hill Street

The handicap of deafness can now be overcome and the working mechanism of the ear again respond to sound vibration by the use of the Little Gem Ear Phone, enabling even those very deaf to easily hear ordinary conversations. Our agency for the Little Gem Ear Phone has proved highly successful, as is evidenced by the daily positive proofs of increased beneficial results that are being obtained by the many we have sold the Little Gem Ear Phone to, and which causes us to most highly recommend its use to all who are afflicted with deafness. Free private demonstration at our office or free home demonstration on request. Ask, or write for booklet, "Cause Thine Ear to Hear," which explains everything. Tell your deaf friends.

THE SUN DRUG CO., Surgical Store,
759 South Hill Street

NATUROPATHY

Restores vigor and vim to those suffering from rundown conditions, when drugs fail to have any effect.

Treatment consists of: MASSAGE, OSTEO-PATHY, CHIROPRACTIC, SPONDO-LOTHRAPY, ORTHOPEDIC SURGERY, PHYSICAL CULTURE, DIET, HYDROTHERAPY, including: Electric-Light, Vapor, Herbal, Pine Needle, Nausea, and all other medicated Baths. Treatment rooms and rooms for resident patients are sunny and steam-heated. Outside patients treated from 8 to 12 and from 2 to 6. **NATUROPATHIC INSTITUTE AND SANITARIUM OF CALIFORNIA, INC.,** 1319 South Grand Ave. DR. CARL SCHULTZ, President. Phone: Home 20993; Broadway 2707. Free Health Lecture every Thursday, 8 p.m. Public invited.

Dropsy

Hundreds restored to health without tapping. Many references.

Removed without the knife. A large number successfully treated. Reference.

And all painful diseases quickly relieved. References.

Consult FREE Specialist, 523 West 8th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

GALL STONES

If you have Pains or Aches in Side, Back, Stomach or Shoulders, Liver Trouble, Indigestion, Colic, Gas, Bileousness, Headaches, Constipation, Nervousness, Jaundice, call or write for literature. Twenty years in Los Angeles, over 100,000 successfully treated.

F. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Herbalist,
523 West Eighth, Los Angeles, Cal.

Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet?

Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?

Call on us for relief. There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet that are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Supporter manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent. of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO.,
731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

The Reason WHY.

DR. C. C. LOGAN'S.
Glasses Should Fit the Best and Why You Should Consult Him. Because Dr. Logan is the only registered oculist in the city on the ground floor who treats eyes as well as fits glasses. Only one with European hospital experience. Dr. Logan is most appreciated by people of experience who have been badly fitted by other optometrists and opticians. His prices are about one-half of that of other eye specialists not as well qualified.

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When Women Led in the Healing Art. Instant relief for any pain, change of life, paralysis, heart, liver, kidneys or any ill, or call and see Diploma of Honor sent by New Jersey State Society. Address **Druggless Cure,** 303 West Avenue 61, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Practice limited to Eye and Nerve Disorders. Suite 424, Exchange Bldg., Corner Third and Hill Sts. A4418.

Glasses Properly Fitted.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

[All feasible suggestions for this page will be very much appreciated. Any pictures of attractive corners of the home, or practical things will be very acceptable. How to keep house with little labor is the slogan of today and we would like the ideas of readers on the subject.]

The Built-in Wardrobe.

WE ALL exclaim with joy over the large clothes closets and build as many of them as we can squeeze into our houses, but aren't they really a mistake? Isn't all that floor space wasted? The hanging space is all that is really valuable, and that may be obtained by building the closet like the old-fashioned wardrobe, flat against the wall, with two or more doors as the size demands. A wardrobe closet two feet deep and six feet long with a pole across it to accommodate clothes hangers will hold more than the average "large closet" that deceives us with its appearance of roominess. Across the bottom there is space for two drawers, each three feet long, to hold shoes, sewing or whatever they are needed for. There is no floor space to become cluttered up and accordingly to be cleaned out and swept. The bottom of the wardrobe being closed up tight does not get very dusty and simply requires the cleaning that one gives an ordinary piece of furniture. Clothes are kept clean, airing is just a matter of leaving the doors open a little while each day, and certainly the square feet saved can be better utilized as an addition to the room.

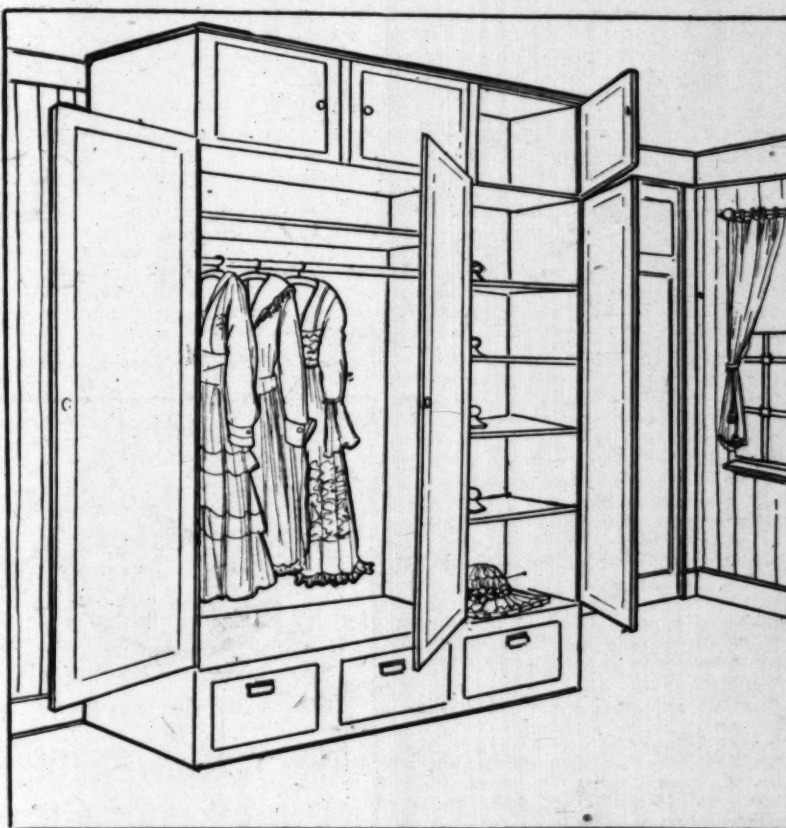
So much for dresses and shoes, but this wonderful closet can be made to hold the hardest part of our wearing apparel, to dispose of hats, by either adding two feet or stealing some of the length of the wardrobe, partitioning it off from the rest, and putting shelves in it about eighteen inches apart (very much like the cooling closet in the kitchen.) Each shelf should have standing fastened in the center of it a peg a few inches high with a round flat piece about four inches across to hold the hat up so that the weight will not rest on the brim. The door of this hat closet would of course be narrower than those of the rest of the wardrobe, but would be of the same style and in keeping with them.

To Pare Tomatoes.

It is not necessary to scald fresh tomatoes to peel them. Rub the skin with the back of a knife several times, and it will be found that the tomato will peel without any effort or sticking. This saves heating the tomato, making it necessary to take time to cool it again, and enables the cook to fix a salad in a hurry.

The Potato Baller.

The little implement known as a potato baller is useful for many things besides cutting up potatoes. Watermelon cut up into little balls and served in tall glasses is very



much easier to eat than when served in a big slab on a plate and certainly much more of an addition to the looks of the dinner table. Cantaloupe served in the same way with a little sherry wine poured over it, the whole being thoroughly chilled, makes a delectable appetizer. Carrots and potatoes scooped out with the handy little "baller" and creamed with peas are most delicious and make a very pretty dish.

The Art of Living.

"The art of living economically and satisfactorily lies in learning how to think ahead, knowing how to buy for less and then in finding new and palatable ways of preparing the foods that are really cheap and abundant."—[J. C. H.]

Porcelain Table Tops.

The kitchen table is a hard thing to keep in perfect condition. The wooden top will stain in spite of labor, and oilcloth does get cut and marked up. The porcelain top is the correct solution of this problem. New tables may be bought with porcelain tops

or tops may be fitted to your old tables. Once installed they are there forever, as they are practically indestructible. To tell of the joy of the clean whiteness of them would be to waste words.

Keep the Ice Box Clean.

You might as well leave food sitting out for dirt and flies to get into as to put it away in a dirty ice box.

Tiny Ice Cream Freezer.

The little one-pint or one-quart ice cream freezer is a mighty handy thing these hot days. One doesn't dread breaking ice for and turning the handle of this little freezer when the larger, unwieldy and expensive one would not be used.

THE COOKING CONTEST AND THE PRIZE WINNER.

The prize for the best recipe for cooking vegetables was won by Adella Adams, 929 Lindsay street, Los Angeles, for Egg Plant Hindu Style. Next week's magazine will

announce the winner of the meat prize. Beginning July 29 a week will be given to recipes for canning fruits and vegetables and making preserves and jellies. This is sure to be a good week, as the canning season is at hand and so much has been said on the subject of putting up for future use everything that is available now.

Be sure to give all prices of ingredients. Write on one side of the paper only and address all recipes to Contest Editor, The Times.

EGG-PLANT, HINDU STYLE.—(Quickly prepared, delectable and cheap.) We have a vegetable (though cheap) vegetable, much loved by housewives. In reply to my query, "Yes, we like it, but it is so much better prepared." I found the only recipe for egg-plant was to pare, slice, soak them in water and fry in grease—with good but unsatisfactory results. Here is a wholesome and delicious result. Just put your egg-plant in a fairly hot oven and bake it until the skin puffs loose, and is soft to pressure. With a spoon turn it out of its skin into a dish, season with salt, pepper, a little butter, stir in a little butter, (if the termilk is lacking a bit of sweet milk or cream made slightly acid with lemon.) Delicious! Wiping the egg-plant over with grease before baking facilitates the loosening of the skin. Plants cost from 2 1/2 to 5 cents each, in season, and one furnishes a dish for a family, according to the size of the vegetable. For its cost it is the cheapest dish there is. Can be served a little for variety.—Mrs. Adella Adams, Carson.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES WITH HAM.—Many friends have found this a most delicious dish—a whole meal for itself, and a big help in reducing the H. C. of L. Prepare with the family requires for escalloping. Put a slice of smoked ham in the bottom of a baking dish—then a generous layer of potatoes, cut with flour, another slice of ham and more potatoes and flour; salt slightly, as the ham furnishes most enough salt; dot the top with butter and sprinkle with pepper. Pour over all milk and water to just come to the top of the potatoes and bake for an hour or more slowly.

CREAMED SWEET POTATOES, BUTTERFLY STYLE.—One can sweet potatoes, about 1 1/2 lbs., chopped fine; milk enough to make them creamy; piece of butter size of walnut; one of marshmallows. Cream potatoes, add salt, red and butter, mix well; pour into a dish, smooth and arrange marshmallows over top. Bake moderate oven until marshmallows are brown, usually about five minutes. This dish appears more attractive arranged on a cone shape before placing marshmallows on top. This will serve six persons. Potatoes prepared this way will prove to be nutritious, as well as adornment to the table, and at little cost.—James D. McLean, Box 122, Fillmore, Cal.

FRIED CELERY.—Wash and cut up celery into 3 or 4-inch lengths. Boil in salted water, but not until it falls to pieces. Beat up one egg, add seasoning, dip celery in egg, then fine dry bread crumbs, and fry in a hot oil to a delicate brown. Will serve four persons.—Mrs. R. W. Moyer, No. 1459 Assen way, Los Angeles, Cal.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Slice medium-sized tomatoes at least 3/4-inch thick; cut off fry carefully in any kind of fat, add a dash onion, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle with a dash of sugar. When well browned turn out on a plate, add a very little hot water. Serve in a dish garnished with parsley or about 1/2 cup. Delicious and pretty. Carrots cooked the same way are fine.—Della D. Hughes, 101 Ashland avenue, Ocean Park, Cal.

SQUASH FRITTERS.—Put through a chopper one-half of a small onion and one summer squash to make two cups (1 cup) one beaten egg, one heaping tablespoon flour, one pepper (1 cent). Fry like fritters in a covered frying pan, rather slowly to insure being well done, and when brown turn out on the other side.—Mrs. Augustus Thomas, 1224 Fielding street, Hollywood, Cal.

THE WEEKLY OF THE WEST.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Magazine

(AS REORGANIZED)

BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY

H. G. OTIS, President, General Manager and Editor-in-Chief.

HARRY C. CARR, Head of the Editorial Staff.

SCOPE, OBJECTS AND AIMS OF THIS MAGAZINE, AND OTHER INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS AND NEW READERS.

A unique weekly publication from out the Far-Sung Southwest—California. "Land of the Heart's Desire." Reorganized May, 1917. Hereafter to be produced on the Times-Mirror Company's new subsidiary Rotogravure (Intaglio) Multicolor Magazine Printing Press, operating in conjunction with its well-tested Five-cylinder Tri-color Electroplate Magazine Printing Machine, the two constituting the last word in the production of fine, up-to-date magazine press work.

Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope, trend and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains.

Devoted to the development of California and the Pacific empire, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources, and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. South and Central America receive special attention also. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; bold and brilliant editorials, wide-reaching correspondence, fine poetry and pertinent pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, the Ranch and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations. It is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

The Illustrated Magazine is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 100,000 numbers—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times—when desired. Price, with the Sunday Times, \$4.00 a year; without, \$2.00 a year in advance, postpaid. Single copies by mail or at news agencies, 10c. Sample copies mailed on request. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Illustrated Magazine (52 copies) costing only \$2.00. An extra copy of the Magazine will be sent 3 months to any separate address, postpaid, for 45 cents, or 6 months for \$1.00 in advance. Still more valuable combination is a subscription to the Sunday Times and the Magazine, both for \$4.00, sent postpaid. This rate was established October 14, 1916.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable for publication. Return is not guaranteed.

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NOTE—New subscribers wishing their subscriptions to begin with the reorganized issue, may do so by specifying the date (June 30, 1917) and back numbers will be mailed accordingly.

[30]

LA ZONA DEL CANAL y la
de Panamá, comprenden el
que antes conocíamos con el
de Istmo de Panamá, o sea, la
Américas del Sud y Central.
territorio tiene una área de 32,3
cuadradas con una población de
menos, 350,000 habitantes.

Panamá, antes de constituirse
blica independiente, era una provin
República de Colombia.

En Febrero de 1904 esta nuev
adoptó su constitución que le da
forma republicana de gobierno, d
sus poderes en ejecutivo, legislati
cial. El Presidente es electo
período de cuatro años, y no p
relecto para el siguiente si no
días y ocho meses antes del día d
elecciones generales. Su elección t
por medio del voto popular; todo
de 21 años de edad tiene derecho
No hay Vicepresidente, la Asam
cional elige cada dos años tres d
los que por su orden respectivo o
presidencia en caso de acafalla. El
está compuesto de cinco secretari
uno a cargo de un departamento
de Gobierno y Justicia, de Relaci
teriores, de Hacienda, de Instruc
blica y de Fomento.

El poder legislativo está compues
Asamblea Nacional con 32 miembros
por el voto directo del pueblo, uno
diez mil habitantes o fracción de
e más. Igual número de substitutos
al mismo tiempo para ocupar el luga
titulares en casos de ausencia justifi
muerte. Esta Asamblea Nacional s
en la ciudad de Panamá, capital de
blica, una vez cada dos años el día
de Septiembre, por un período de
días, el que puede prolongarse tre
más. El Presidente de la Repúblic
llamar a sesiones extraordinarias cu
creyere conveniente.

El poder judicial consiste de un
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nombrados por el Presidente por un
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tancia, de distrito y municipales. Los
de primera instancia y de distrito so
brados por la corte suprema, y
período de cuatro años; los municipa
los jueces de distrito por un año.

La república está dividida en
provincias, cada una de ellas tiene
cabeza un gobernador nombrado
Presidente por un término de un año
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La unidad de moneda está basada
"balboa." El balboa oro tiene exacta
el mismo valor que el peso oro de E
Valdos, sin embargo no se han acuña

War Horses.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY)

loved the old familiar bugle calls, co
marching with the battery, trotting,
ing, charging on command.

The tarpaulin was whisked off by the
Hank crouched in the bottom of the
Loaves of bread shot into the air, and
rained down over the parade ground.
tried to stop old Foxhall, but he was
his past over again; he knew the bugle
as well as any man, and he meant to
the drill. Finally the cart went over
in the parade ground, and Hank was
into the air and discovered as he ca
the ground with a basket of bread o
of him.

Hank got ten days in the guardhouse
more—and Foxhall, when drill was
ambled peacefully over to the post co
sary sergeant's house with an empty ca
the first time in years failing to deliv
entire load of bread.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "I w
what that pretty heilress would de
should steal a kiss."
"I wouldn't think of it."
"I can't help thinking of it. But v
You do it?"

Business Directory.

PART V.

Realty News: Fact and Comment.

Financial: Markets.

PART VI.

Sports and Automobiles.

KEEKEEPER.

the winner of the meat prize. The July 29 a week will be given to for canning fruits and vegetables making preserves and jellies. This is a good week, as the canning season at hand and so much has been said subject of putting up for future use that is available now.

PLANT, HINDU STYLE.—(Quickly prepared and cheap.) We have a vegetable, much neglected, which is a fairly hot one. It is called the skin puffa, and it is a pressure. With a spoon turn it out of a dish, season with salt, pepper, and a little buttermilk (if buttermilk is lacking a bit of sweet milk or cream). The egg-plant over with grease before sprinkling the loosening of the skin. Harvest from 25 to 5 cents each, in season. It is a dish for a family, according to the vegetable. For its quality, it is a dish there is. Can be cured a variety.—Mrs. Adella Adams, Garza.

DEVELOPED POTATOES WITH HAM.—I wish to have found this a most delicious meal in itself, and a big help to the H. C. of L. Prepare what potatoes requires for scalloping. Put a small amount of ham in the bottom of a baking dish, and cover with potatoes, sprinkled with salt. Another slice of ham and more potatoes, salt slightly, as the ham is not enough salt; dot the top with butter and pepper. Pour over all enough water to just come to the top of the potatoes. Bake for an hour or more slowly.

RED SWEET POTATOES, SOUTHERN.—One can sweet potatoes, about 50, washed fine; milk enough to make nice and piece of butter size of walnut; one box marshmallows. Cream potatoes, add salt, butter, mix well; pour into serving dish, and arrange marshmallows over top; set in oven until marshmallows are nice and brown. Usually about five minutes. To make more attractive arrange potatoes in a bowl before placing marshmallows on top, serve six persons. Potatoes prepared in this way will prove to be nutritious, as well as to the table, and at little cost.—Mrs. McLean, Box 122, Fillmore, Cal.

CELERY.—Wash and cut one bunch of 3 or 4-inch lengths. Boil until tender, water, but not until it falls to pieces. When well drained, dip cooled celery in fine dry bread crumbs, and fry in a delicate brown. Will serve four persons. R. W. Meyer, No. 1436 Annan way, Los Angeles.

TOMATOES.—Slice medium-ripe tomatoes at least 1/4-inch thick; roll in flour, and fry in oil or fat, add a chopped onion with pepper and salt, sprinkle with dark molasses over all and a little water. When well browned, turn, before filling very little hot water. Serve in individual dishes, garnished with parsley or a small tomato, and pretty. Carrots cooked the same way. —Della D. Hughes, No. 1185 Avenue, Ocean Park, Cal.

FRITTERS.—Put through the food chopper a small onion and enough squash to make two cups (5 cents) add one egg, one heaping tablespoon flour, salt (4 cents). Fry like griddle cakes in a frying pan, rather slowly to insure the oil done, and when brown turn and cook other side. —Mrs. Augustus Thomas, 1111 1/2 street, Hollywood, Cal.

ine

Head of the Editorial Staff.

the Sunday Times—more than 21,000 in the United States and 10,000 in the rest of the world. The Sunday Times is a weekly mail subscription to the extra copy of the Magazine will be sent, or 6 months for \$1.50 in advance. A Sunday Times and the Magazine together, October 14, 1916.

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showing improved January 6, 1917; Jan. 1916; May 26, 1917 and June 30, 1917.

(Cal.) P.O., under Act of March 3, 1879, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

will be mailed accordingly, if possible.

July 28, 1917.]

[Saturday]

Pictures of the Day

A Travel Talk in the Liquid Tongue of Spain.

LA REPUBLICA DE PANAMA.

Datos Generales. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

LA ZONA DEL CANAL y la República de Panamá, comprenden el territorio que antes conocíamos con el nombre de Istmo de Panamá, o sea, la unión entre las Américas del Sud y Central. Todo este territorio tiene una área de 32,380 millas cuadradas con una población de, más o menos, 350,000 habitantes.

Panamá, antes de constituirse en república independiente, era una provincia de la República de Colombia.

En Febrero de 1904 esta nueva nación adoptó su constitución que le da al país la forma republicana de gobierno, dividiendo sus poderes en ejecutivo, legislativo y judicial. El Presidente es electo para un periodo de cuatro años, y no puede ser reelecto para el siguiente si no renuncia dos y ocho meses antes del día fijado para elecciones generales. Su elección tiene lugar por medio del voto popular; todo ciudadano de 21 años de edad tiene derecho de votar. No hay Vicepresidente, la Asamblea Nacional elige cada dos años tres designados que por su orden respectivo ocupan la presidencia en caso de acefalía. El Gabinete está compuesto de cinco secretarios, cada uno a cargo de un departamento que son: de Gobierno y Justicia, de Relaciones Exteriores, de Hacienda, de Instrucción Pública y de Fomento.

El poder legislativo está compuesto de la Asamblea Nacional con 32 miembros electos por el voto directo del pueblo, uno por cada 100 mil habitantes o fracción de cinco mil más. Igual número de substitutes es electo al mismo tiempo para ocupar el lugar de los titulares en casos de ausencia justificada o muerte. Esta Asamblea Nacional se reúne en la ciudad de Panamá, capital de la república, una vez cada dos años el día primero de Septiembre, por un periodo de noventa días, el que puede prolongarse treinta días más. El Presidente de la República puede llamar a sesiones extraordinarias cuando lo considere conveniente.

El poder judicial consiste de una corte suprema, compuesta de cinco magistrados nombrados por el Presidente por un término de cuatro años; de jueces de primera instancia, de distrito y municipales. Los jueces de primera instancia y de distrito son nombrados por la corte suprema, y por un periodo de cuatro años; los municipales, por los jueces de distrito por un año.

La república está dividida en ocho provincias, cada una de ellas tiene a la cabeza un gobernador nombrado por el Presidente por un término de un año. A su vez, cada provincia está dividida en municipalidades, a la cabeza de ellas está un alcalde nombrado por el gobernador de la provincia como ejecutivo, y consejos municipales legislativos, cuyos miembros son electos por medio del voto popular directo.

La unidad de moneda está basada en el "balboa." El balboa oro tiene exactamente el mismo valor que el peso oro de Estados Unidos, sin embargo no se han acuñado aún

monedas de oro. En monedas de plata hay acuñadas; medio balboa con un valor de cincuenta centavos oro, pero desgraciadamente el pueblo le llama "un peso," de tal suerte que muchos creen que el peso panameño tiene un valor de cincuenta centavos oro; hay también monedas de un cuarto, un quinto y un décimo y monedas de níquel de menor valor. La moneda de los Estados Unidos circula libremente en la república.

El suelo de Panamá es de una fertilidad extraordinaria, éste ayudado con un clima superior hace que aquel produzca los mejores productos tropicales. Tan sólo una pequeña parte de su área está bajo cultivo; reconociendo el gobierno la importancia que la agricultura tiene como un factor esencial en el desarrollo de los recursos de la nación, busca por todos los medios legales de fomentarla, especialmente lo hace con aquellos productos como el café, coco, cacao, hule, vainilla y caña de azúcar. Todos estos productos son libre de impuestos.

El cultivo principal es el de la banana, constantemente aumenta la área de terreno dedicado a esta industria. El cacao se cultiva en pequeña escala, esta útil planta produce una calidad superior de este artículo tan codiciado; el hule constituye uno de los artículos de exportación; el producto se obtiene de árboles que crecen en los bosques naturalmente; esos bosques tienen muchos árboles de maderas finas, de palos de tinte, etc., etc. La caña de azúcar, el tabaco, el arroz, el maíz, etcétera, son de fácil producción en el Istmo; el Departamento de Fomento está haciendo un estudio sistemático de las posibilidades agrícolas del suelo panameño, y ofrece ayuda a colonistas de buena fé, tratando de distribuir los terrenos en las condiciones más favorables.

Se trata también de fomentar la crianza de ganado, para cuyo fin el gobierno ha suprimido los derechos de importación para los animales padres. Algo como cincuenta mil cabezas de ganado hay en toda la república, pero los campos de pastaje tienen lugar para un número diez veces mayor.

La industria minera se desarrolla favorablemente, la existencia de depósitos de oro es conocida de años ha. Una compañía trabaja constantemente con buen éxito, el denuncio de minas ha aumentado considerablemente en los últimos años, especialmente de oro y cobre. Las regiones mineras conocidas se encuentran en el distrito del Darién y en la Provincia de Veraguas. Otros metales se han encontrado en el interior de la república, se sabe que existen depósitos de carbón, esponjas y coral se encuentran en abundancia en ambas costas. Sabido es que en la Isla de Perla en la Bahía de Panamá se encuentran perlas de rara belleza.

Los progresos que esta nueva república ha hecho en materia industrial son indudablemente admirables. Hay en ella hermosos ingenios azucareros y cuenta con una refinera perfectamente equipada con la maquinaria mejor y más moderna. La fa-

bricación de sombreros de jipijapa es una industria importante. En Chepigana, crece la planta que produce la paja que en El Ecuador se llama toquilla; esta planta nace silvestre en muchas partes del país también; con el objeto de conocer el procedimiento que se aplica en El Ecuador para hacer la paja, el Gobierno Panameño envió un comisionado con el objeto de estudiar dicho proceso. A su regreso trajo a Panamá hombres entendidos y se estableció una escuela en Arriaján. Esta escuela ha producido excelentes resultados. Hoy se fabrican en Panamá sombreros de buena calidad.

El coco es una de los artículos más importantes en el comercio panameño, solamente a los Estados Unidos se envían cocos por valor de más de ciento cincuenta mil dólares al año. Se dice que la palma que produce el coco tiene cientos de usos, ella da al hombre alimento, bebida, medicina, vestido, luz, utensilios domésticos y hasta la casa misma. Se cree que esta palma sea originaria de América, se la encuentra en todos los trópicos, y crece silvestre en todos los países americanos. Generalmente se le ve a lo largo de la costa y sin embargo se da bien a una altura de 4500 pies sobre el nivel del mar. La vida del árbol pasa de los cien años, estando en toda su fuerza productiva de los ocho a los cuarenta años. El coco es hoy un artículo comercial y nuestro continente lo produce muy bueno, lo que hay es que se encuentra esparcido en áreas de terreno muy grandes, dificultando mucho el recogerlo, lo que hace que su explotación sea más cara que en el Oriente. Por lo tanto muchas de las regiones productoras de coco no han sido explotadas debidamente; hoy podrá hacerse esto en mejores condiciones, el Canal de Panamá, que acorta distancias, pondrá las costas del Pacífico al alcance de nuestros mercados.

Panamá ha sido siempre famoso por sus palmeras, tanto es así, que uno de los más admirados poetas de los trópicos llamó a esa región "El país de las palmeras."

Desde que el célebre Balboa recorrió el Istmo y descubrió el Océano Pacífico, Panamá adquirió fama universal por sus perlas. A fin de convencer a los reyes Católicos del gran valor de su descubrimiento, Balboa envió a España cantidades de perlas juntas en las costas, especificando, bajo juramento, como y donde habían sido encontradas.

Ya Colón durante sus exploraciones en el mar Caribe había visto que los indios usaban collares de perlas y tuvo la suerte de conseguir una que pesaba trescientos granos y que obsequió a su reina. Cuando Cortés visitó lo que es hoy la Baja California encontró que los indios usaban perlas negras, etc., etc.

La perla se conoce desde tiempo inmemorial; se sabe que mil años antes de Cristo ya se juntaban en China y que posteriormente, muchos siglos antes de nuestra era se usaban para el pago de impuestos en ese mismo país. Las mujeres patricias romanas

adornaban sus vestidos con ellas; la historia de Cleopatra, que disolvió una perla en el vino para tomar a la salud de Marco Antonio, prueba que en Egipto la perla era conocida y apreciada.

La América Española ha producido hermosas perlas y de gran valor. Cerca de Loreto (Méjico) se encontró un hermoso ejemplar con un peso de cuatrocientos granos que hoy adorna la corona de España. Desde la época de Cortés se han enviado perlas negras del Golfo de Baja California; este artículo ha dado inmensas sumas a la Corona de España. Se asegura que en 1715 Baja California envió cerca de 1300 onzas de perlas a la Península. En el Golfo de Paria (en la costa de Venezuela) se han encontrado cantidades considerables de perlas, al extremo de que ese región adquirió fama, y se le conocía como "la costa de perlas." En 1579 se encontró en la isla Margarita, una perla de rara belleza y gran peso (250 quilates,) que llegó a ser propiedad del rey Felipe. Hoy, al rededor de esta isla, se obtienen perlas que al año importan seiscientos mil pesos oro. Las islas Perla situadas en la Bahía de Panamá, más o menos cincuenta millas del puerto de Balboa, son las que producen las llamadas perlas de Panamá. Esta riqueza se explota desde el año de 1632 y su producción ha sido enorme. En 1909 una hermosa perla de 42 quilates, se encontró en Panamá; más o menos, tenía la forma de un huevo de perdiz, de color verde negro en su base, aclarando el color hacia la punta. Se vendió en París por cinco mil dólares.

El comercio extranjero de Panamá es más o menos de \$18,000,000 por año, correspondiendo \$12,000,000 a la importación y \$6,000,000 a la exportación.

El clima de Panamá es muy igual, durante la época de sequía la temperatura del istmo es de 80 grados como término medio; de estación a estación la variación de temperatura es de 10 grados, excepción hecha de las alturas, donde la temperatura es de 65 grados más o menos.

El verano, que es seco, es de Enero a Abril, mientras que el invierno, o sea la época de lluvias, dura la mayor parte del año; las lluvias torrenciales, características de los trópicos, tienen lugar durante los meses de Octubre y Noviembre. En la costa del Atlántico llueve más. Se han registrado como término medio 140 pulgadas de agua, en la del Pacífico 63 pulgadas, y en el interior 93 pulgadas, al año. Durante los meses de Diciembre a Marzo el calor en la costa del Atlántico es excesivo, la brisa del mar algo modifica esto a ciertas horas.

Desde que Panamá es república independiente, ha hecho grandes progresos en todas direcciones, muy especialmente en la parte sanitaria; la fiebre amarilla, malaria, etc., etc., han desaparecido, el extranjero vive en buenas condiciones, invirtiendo su dinero con magníficos resultados. Panamá es hoy de gran futuro para el hombre de buena voluntad y de trabajo.

War Horses.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY.]

level the old familiar bugle calls, counter-marching with the battery, trotting, galloping, charging on command.

The tarpaulin was whisked off by the wind. Hank crouched in the bottom of the cart. Leaves of bread shot into the air, and were whirled down over the parade ground. They tried to stop old Foxhall, but he was living his past over again; he knew the bugle calls as well as any man, and he meant to finish the drill. Finally the cart went over a bump in the parade ground, and Hank was shot into the air and discovered as he came to the ground with a basket of bread on top of him.

Hank got ten days in the guardhouse—no more—and Foxhall, when drill was over, climbed peacefully over to the post commissary sergeant's house with an empty cart, for the first time in years failing to deliver his entire load of bread.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "I wonder what that pretty heilress would do if I should steal a kiss." "I wouldn't think of it." "I can't help thinking of it. But would you do it?"

The Cardinals' Hats.

A cardinal never wears the red hat that is the actual symbol of his rank; but he has other hats, for by the law of the church there are provided for him no fewer than six different forms of headgear.

In the first place, there is his ordinary, everyday hat, the black, wide-brimmed affair such as clerics wear. Secondly, there is a red hat bordered with gold, which he uses when he goes to church in his red cassock. At one time this was the cardinal's everyday hat.

Then there is another peculiar hat, quite large, with a small crown of red silk bordered with gold. This is called the capelone, and at one time it protected the cardinal's head as he walked abroad in the sun and an attendant held it over him. In these days, however, it is used only upon extraordinary occasions, such as canonizations. The dean of the household, whose duty it is to look after the hats, holds it suspended from his left arm.

Another hat is the biretta. It has different coverings for the seasons. In summer it is covered with light silk; in winter with heavy cloth. Both silk and cloth are red. There are other birettas for other members of the clergy. That of the cardinal is to be distinguished by reason of the fact that, at the meeting place of the horns, there is a loop of silk string instead of the usual pompon.

The particular biretta which the Pope bestows on the cardinal is never worn.

Next in the list comes the red skull cap, sometimes called the calotte and sometimes the zucchetto. All priests may wear a skull cap, but only a cardinal may wear a red one.

Lastly, there is the pontifical hat, which is never worn, not even at the moment when the prelate becomes a cardinal. The pontiff merely holds it above the new cardinal's head as he confers the office. This hat, the real symbol of the cardinal's dignity, is of red cloth lined with silk. Two cords hang from it, and end in fifteen tassels arranged in five rows. The cords are of red silk entwined with gold. Other ecclesiastical hats have the cords, but only the cardinals' are red. The cords for bishops and archbishops are green entwined with gold, and those of most prelates are black. Then, too, only the cardinal's cords have fifteen tassels.

It is a tradition that the red hat of the cardinal is due to the following circumstance. The Countess of Flanders complained to Innocent IV that, in a great assemblage, she could not distinguish cardinals from abbots and other great personages of the church. Accordingly, at the council in Lyons, in 1246, the Pope prescribed the red hat to replace the miter, and ever since that time the symbol of the cardinal's rank has been a red hat. Since the year

1464 red robes have been worn by cardinals; the purple robes, which were originally decreed by Boniface VIII, are worn only in Lent and Advent.

Gophers.

Gophers I have caught of late, In my traps—sunlight for bait; Are all getting Scared and fretting When they see I've doomed their fate.

They are very curious creatures, And they have uncommon features; They have habits Like the rabbits And are active like their teachers.

The number of their teeth is four, The surface of the earth's their door; To dirt they cling, They cannot sing Nor in the high skies can they soar.

PHILLIP KERR.

Aged 10. Watts, Cal.

Sore Eyes
Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Salve** in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free Ask Druggist or **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

Flowering Plants for Summer Season

PELARGONIUMS OR LADY WASHINGTON GERANIUMS

These wonderful plants require little care and vie in beauty with the exquisite Christmas Azaleas. Planted now, they will continue to bloom until late Autumn. You will find them the finest plants for your beach home, as they thrive and flourish in sandy soil and salt air.

ANNA RUDLOFF—Dark red, immense black blotches.
ANDENKEN AN MOSCOW—Deep rich purple, black blotches.
ANDENKEN AN LONDON—Reddish scarlet, white center. Two upper petals blotched black.
ANITA—Center of flowers white, margined bright rose. Upper petals feathered dark crimson.
BERTHA WAGNER—Deep carmine rose. Edges of petals white.
BLUE MABEL—Carmine with velvety black blotches.
BALCONIGEN—Light rose.
CORNELIE—Soft rose, white center, maroon blotches.
CARL HOLZMANN—Scarlet, upper petals blotched black.
DUCHESS OF CORNWALL—Purplish maroon.
DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER—Pink and white with crimson blotches.
ERBRUNZESSIN—YSENBURG—Light red, white at center. Petals edged white. Bots of white over entire surface of bloom.
FRAU KRUMB—Pale, soft rose. Upper petals blotched purplish red.
F. H. HOWARD—Deep scarlet. Upper petals blotched black.
PRICE—Of any of the above varieties from two-inch pots—Each 25c; Per Doz., \$2.00.

GARTENDIRECTOR-SIEBERT—Fiery red with black blotches.
JOHN MARTIN—Light purplish maroon.
JOSEPH ATOUPLER—Center red, outer edges white.
KATE BORNEMANN—White overlaid salmon pink, blotched rich crimson.
LORD CLYDE—White, veined and flushed light purple, blotched, velvety crimson.
MILTON—White, upper petals blotched.
MRS. H. J. JONES—Crisp red, upper petals blotched crimson.
MISS SAUNDERS—White, two upper petals blotched purplish crimson.
MARTHA BURGER—Bright rose.
MRS. E. H. CHILDS—Deep, rosy pink.
MONTEBELLO—Pink, blotched white.
MAD. THIBAUT—Pink with white shadings.
MABEL—Upper petals maroon. Lower ones bright rose.
OLYMPIE—Pure white.
PROFESSOR CORRENS—Deep rose with dark blotches.
PETER HOSER—Fiery brick red. Black blotches on each petal.
PAULINE SCHROETER—Deep, rosy carmine with dark blotches.
SCHONE ILLA—Salmon rose. Dark blotches on upper petals.
VOLANTE NATIONALE ALBA—A superb pure white.
PRICE—Of any of the above varieties from two-inch pots—Each 25c; Per Doz., \$2.00.

FUCHSIAS

These wonderful plants possess a beauty all their own. The graceful bell-shaped flowers hang in myriads from the branches of a well-grown plant, ranging in color from purest white to the deepest purple, including rare shades of plum, lavender, rose, etc. They occur in both the double and single types. Unlike Pelargoniums, they grow best in the shade, and are ideal for banking along the north side of buildings or shady walls. Fuchsias also thrive along the coast, and where properly cared for give forth blooms in the greatest profusion.

DOUBLE VARIETIES.
DIAMANT—Enormous flowers. White with carmine shading. Sepals rosy scarlet.
EMILE LAURENT—Corolla rose and white. Sepals clear rose.
YVES DELAGE—Red sepals with corolla plum color.
E. PORTESI—Violet blue veined scarlet.
JULIET ADAMS—Free flowering double white.
TORPILLEUR—Red sepals, corolla flesh shaded rose.
ROSE PHENOMENAL—Wonderful rosy mauve.

PYTHAGORE—Violet with dark red sepals.
M. LEQUET—Handsome double white.
BABY FUCHSIAS.
M. ENFANT PRODIGE—Sepals and corolla purple.
BEARANGER.
ELISEE.
SINGLE FUCHSIAS.
BLACK PRINCE—Corolla violet, sepals rosy red.
SWANLEY YELLOW—Corolla orange yellow, sepals orange scarlet.

Price of any of the above—Each 25c, Per Doz., \$2.00.

PLUMBAGO LARPENTA

The most beautiful deep blue perennial border plant in existence. A much deeper and richer blue than Lobelia, and unlike this border, does not die in winter, but increases in beauty each year, requiring but little pruning. Forms wonderful color combination when used with yellow. Each 25c, Per Dozen, \$2.00.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR GARDEN

The time is right for the summer pruning of shrubs and trees. The spring flowers that have finished blooming should be taken out and the beds made ready for fall planting. If you are in need of help for general garden work or landscaping we can supply you with first-class, competent men.
 If you are considering laying out new grounds we would be glad to send a representative from our landscape department to figure with you on the work.

Howard & Smith
 9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
 NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
 MAIN 1745-10957

SEEDS H. & S. GIANT WINTER FLOWERING STOCKS

Now is the time to make a sowing of our splendid giant Winter Stocks. All of our Stock seed is carefully hand picked and the very finest strain, covering a wonderful range of colors.

Giant Pink	Per Pkt. 15c	Giant Carmine	Per Pkt. 15c
Giant White	Per Pkt. 15c	Giant Canary Yellow	Per Pkt. 15c
Giant Purple	Per Pkt. 15c	Giant Mixed, all colors	Per Pkt. 15c
Giant Old Rose	Per Pkt. 15c		

A SPECIAL OFFER OF OUR NEW "ROSE," "LOS ANGELES"
 We have ready for delivery at the present time a lot of heavy two-year-old plants especially grown for summer planting. Put out at the present time, these plants will give you an abundance of flowers during the coming autumn. They are thrifty, well-branched specimens, grown in patent paper pots, the soil is filled with a splendid fibrous root action, insuring an immediate sturdy and vigorous growth. These plants weigh, when packed for shipment about twelve pounds each. We will deliver with all freight or express charges prepaid, one of these superb plants to any address in Southern California for \$2.00.

CUT FLOWER DEPARTMENT

We are offering all the seasonable cut flowers. The quality and prices are right. Free delivery anywhere in the city. Phone orders filled with the same care and attention as though you called in person. Special prices for Saturday and Sunday. We make a specialty of decorations for weddings, dinners and parties. We turn out the highest grade funeral designs in the city.

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SHOULD take a leaf from the prosperity books of prominent business men in Southern California, who regularly use the advertising columns of *The Times* in order to increase their prestige, popularity and patronage with the readers of Los Angeles' leading newspaper.

Liner rates one cent a word in the daily edition and one and one-half cents a word in the Sunday edition.

Display Rates on Application

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DESIROUS of subscribing to a reliable journal, printing the latest and best local and State, national and international news, reliable accounts of the great war, fearless editorials, pungent club notes, dramatic news, music events, feminine topics, brilliant cartoons, snappy short stories, queer funnies, a great automobile and sports section and a superb illustrated weekly magazine and rotograture part, should subscribe to *The Times*.

Daily and Sunday, delivered, 75c a month

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Douglas Fairbanks

yesterday evening for a new grocery store.

GET THEIR PAY.

Rejected Naval Militiamen Get

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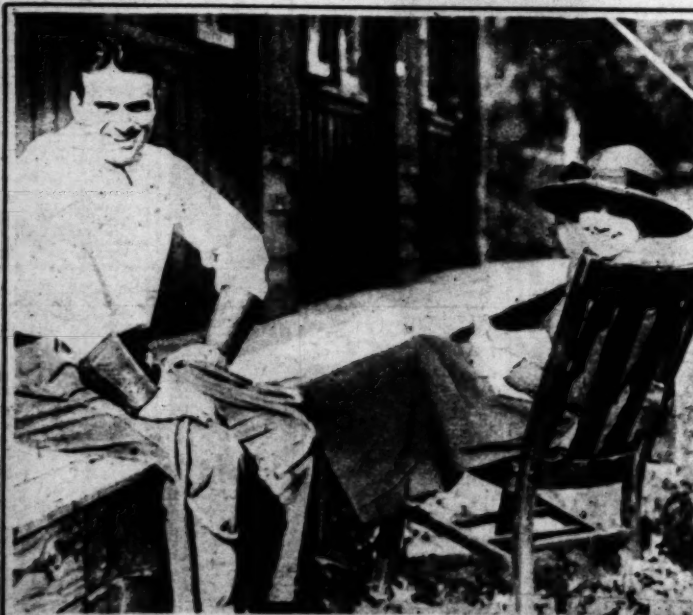
With Mary Pickford and Cecil De Mille



With his cow punchers. John Emerson, his director on extreme right



When he is "douging."



Douglas Fairbanks and Anita Loos, the little girl who is paid a fortune every year for writing his plays



Breakfasting on raw meat or something



Douglas Fairbanks—Lunch at the beach.



Douglas Fairbanks and "Ginger"

Season

own. The graceful bell-like green plant, ranging in color shades of plum, lavender, rose, or white. Unlike Pelargonium, they grow the north side of buildings and where properly cared for

ONE—Violet with dark red

ET—Handsome double white.

BABY FUCHSIA.

ANT FRODOQUE—Sepals red, purple.

GER.

SINGLE FUCHSIA.

PRINCE—Corolla violet, sepals

Y YELLOW—Corolla orange, sepals orange scarlet.

2.50.

ENTA

In existence. A much deeper color not due to winter, but in- ing. Forms wonderful color

2.50.

R GARDEN

erbs and trees. The spring and the beds made ready garden work or landscaping

would be glad to send a rep- with you on the work.

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FOREIGN. The French may call a convention to revise the constitution to permit the meeting of Parliament at Versailles. Greece has appointed a Minister to

our stock of foodstuffs would still have been too little for the demand upon us during the coming year if our people had not responded to the call for wise use, economy and elimination of waste. The response not

don. A few minutes before 11 o'clock watchers of the French aviation service in Paris heard the noise of a motor and then an explosion fol-

Parisians returned to their beds, having seen nothing of the enemy. THE GERMAN STATEMENT. [BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.] BERLIN, July 28.—German air-

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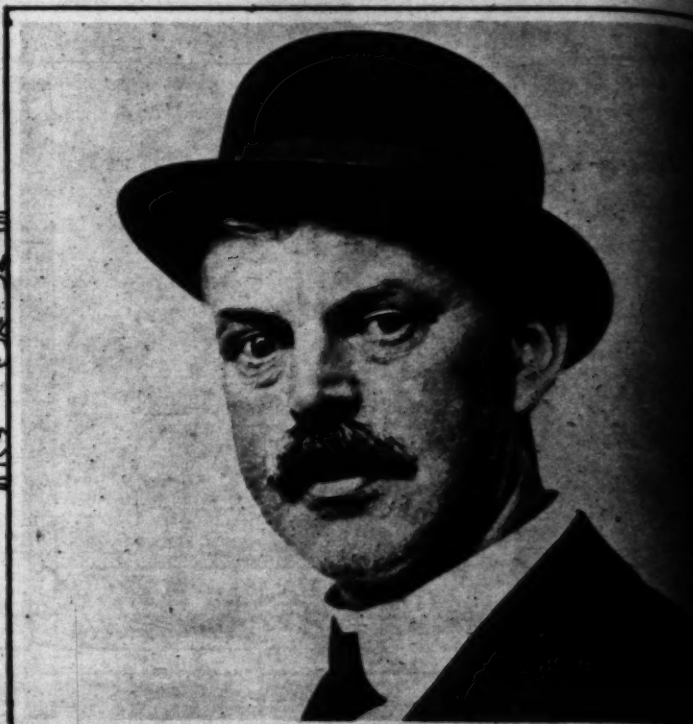
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Unknown Celebrities of Los Angeles.



Wm Ballah, the blind news vender.



W.R. Cavett, who for 15 years has been repairing street cars while they wait at Temple B.



W. Hixson, depot master at Santa Fe depot 39 years with the company.



Old Carrie the news boy.



Carrie dips into her pocket.



The old Mexican beggar on Broadway.



Henry Clay Walker the veteran depot policeman at the Southern Pacific.



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28, 1917.

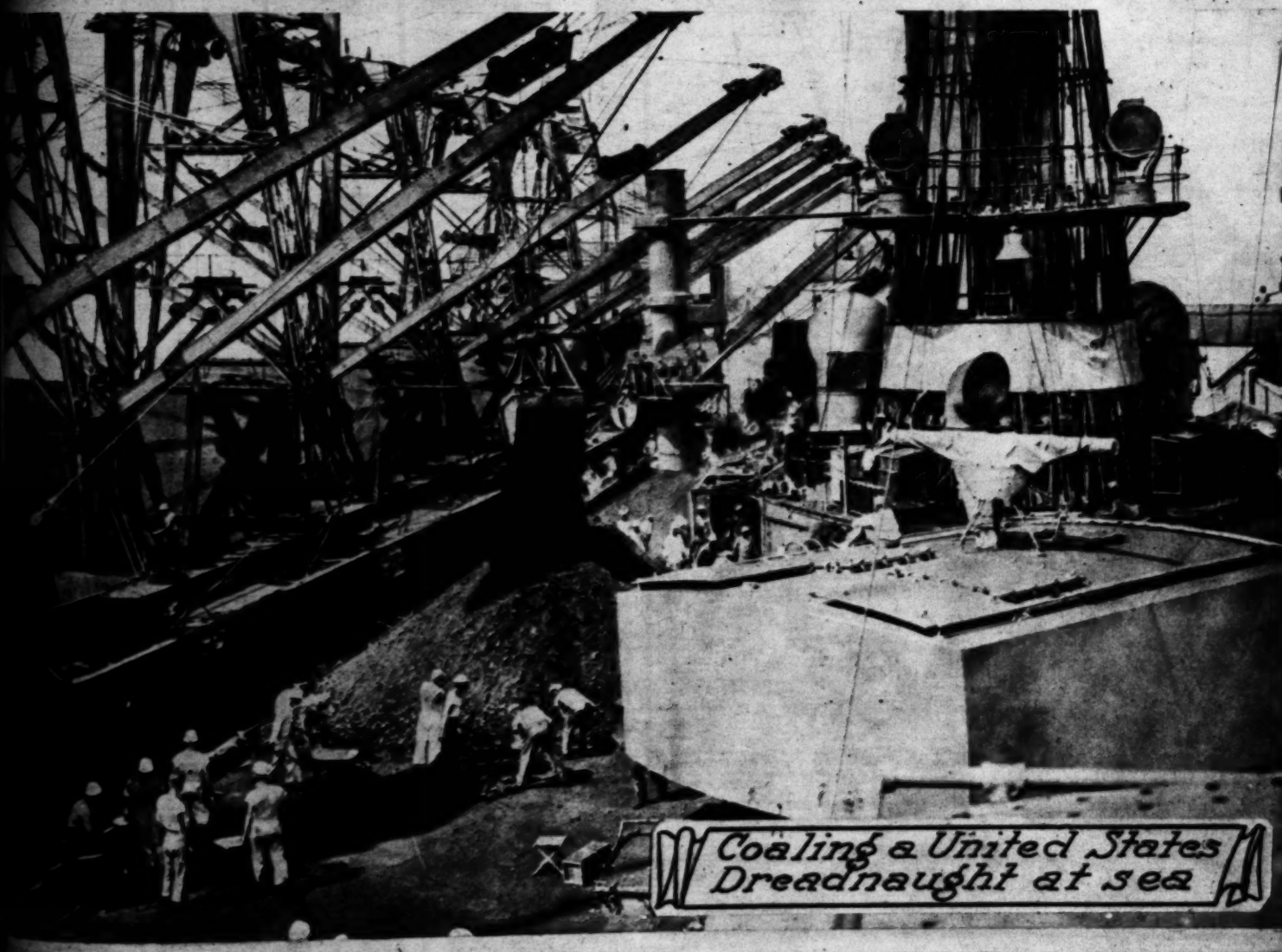
Pictures of the Day

The Undramatic Side of
the Biggest Drama of Time.

Keeping the Machinery Going.



*Polish wagons commandeered to
take German supplies to the front*



*Coaling a United States
Dreadnaught at sea*

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Business Directory.
Daily News: Fact and Comment.

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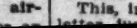
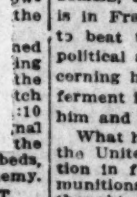
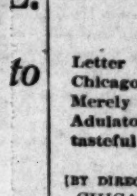
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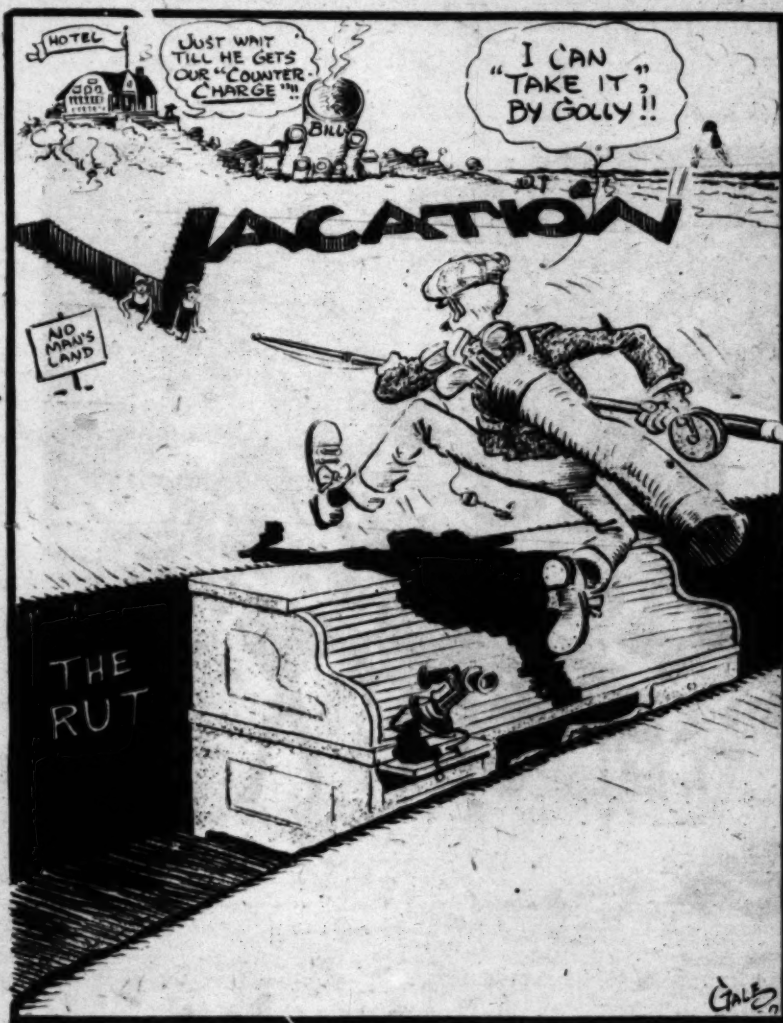
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Parisians returned to their beds, having seen nothing of the enemy.
THE GERMAN STATEMENT.
[BY ATLANTIC OCEAN AND A. P.]
BERLIN, July 28.—German air-



F E
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A Chinese Cavalryman

The DUO-ART PIANO...

The Duo-Art Piano is the highest modern development of the pianoforte. It is primarily a piano of conventional type—a Steinway, Weber, Steck or Stroud, with all the fine tonal qualities that distinguish these well-known instruments. The action and keyboard for hand playing are identical with other pianos of the same make.

It is a player-piano of truly remarkable capacity, providing the Pianist with easy and complete control of every phase of musical expression possible upon the pianoforte. It is an instrument of such broad artistic possibilities that it will interest not only the layman but also the experienced musician who will find in it the enjoyment of a limitless repertory.

As a reproducing piano—as an instrument for re-creating the interpretations of the great artists of the pianoforte, it is truly revolutionary in its attainments. Guided by the wonderful Duo-Art records the Duo-Art Piano actually repeats in every shading of tone and tempo the pianist's original performance.

The Duo-Art Piano is obtainable in both grand and upright styles. In Steinway, Steck, Stroud and famous Weber models. Prices from \$850.

Geo. J. Birkel Co.
The Steinway House
446-448 South Broadway



SUNDAY MORNING, CROWD "Americ

The Great War. NEW DRIVE EXPECTED.

Move may Turn the German Flank.

Indications are Now that Flanders will be Scene of Tremendous Battle.

and the Rumanians Advance in Moldavia; Retreat in Galicia.

[BY A. P. MURPHY WIRE]
FOLLOWING is the Associated Press review of the war dispatches for the past twenty-four hours:
The British front in Flanders is trembling with the shock of the most intense character was this morning. Berlin reports that times of late there have been indications that an attack was to be opened, apparently on the part of the British, but none of them has yet developed. Recent reports have indicated that German artillery also very active on this front, possibly in an attempt to check by counter-fire any movement the British might be attempting.
The center of military interest on the Russian front from Volhy-

THE WORLD'S NEWS IN TOP

Covering the
The Foremost Events of Yesterday. (2) Crowder's Statement. (3) The Russian Situation. (4) The Peace Programme. (5) The Peacebuilding Programme. (7) The

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